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The Nation.

July 24-31, 1982 $1.25; U.K. 65p

EDITORIAL

THE RIGHT TO READ

The Supreme Court's June 25 ruling in the Island Trees case that public school officials do not have unlimited discretion to remove from school libraries books they consider offensive was a great victory for the First Amendment. We congratulate the parents and the former students of Island Trees High School on Long Island who brought the suit to challenge the local school board's decision to ban books by such authors as Kurt Vonnegut, Bernard Malamud and Eldridge Cleaver. Sharing credit for the legal victory is the New York Civil Liberties Union, whose lawyers fought this case through six years of trials and appeals. Nor should we overlook the contributions of those who, by writing or speaking out on the case, made it a censorship *cause célèbre*.

The struggle is far from over. In its decision, the Court ordered that a trial be held in a lower Federal court, at which the plaintiffs must prove that the board sought to deny students access to ideas of which it disapproved on constitutionally unacceptable grounds. In many parts of the country, school librarians are being harassed by book banners. There will probably be an even more difficult legal battle against school boards that seek to forbid the purchase of "controversial" books for libraries. This issue was not raised in the Island Trees case.

Despite the Supreme Court's 5-to-4 ruling in this case, the decisions on whether or not students shall have access to a diversity of views will continue to be made in different ways in different communities. The Supreme Court has given the advocates of diversity in education a powerful weapon, but weapons are worthless unless they are used. Students and parents should be prepared to resist, in the courts if necessary, those who believe schools should indoctrinate rather than educate.

THE INSANITY DEFENSE
Bruce J. Ennis

SELLING D'AUBUISSON
Wayne Biddle

SHARON'S MAN IN SAMARIA
Christopher Hitchens

REMEMBERING THE DUTCHMEN
Anne Nelson

LAXALT AND THE GAMBLERS
Bob Gottlieb
Peter Wiley

TV & POLITICS
Dean Valentine

DEREGULATORY AGENCIES

REAGANISM IS HARMFUL TO YOUR HEALTH

MICHAEL PERTSCHUK

Earlier this month, the Federal Trade Commission issued a press release heralding the plea of its own chief economist that it terminate all efforts to develop rules restraining food manufacturers from making spurious health claims in their advertising.

Advertising is really just another form of public debate, the economist argued. If a cigarette advertiser were to say, "Our cigarette does not cause cancer," that wouldn't be so bad. After all, some people might then ask themselves, "You mean cigarettes *can* cause cancer?" He entreated us to recognize the benefits of advertising as "untrammeled discussion" and leave the marketplace alone.

If the commission follows his advice, one more remnant of governmental restraint on commercial practices that toy with the public health would disappear down the sinkhole of deregulation.

Until the Visigoths of the Reagan Administration commenced the sack of Washington, many people believed that government is an appropriate instrument for the promotion of the general welfare and that in the shaping of public policies, as economist Robert Lekachman has reminded us, "Greed is not enough."

One such governmental instrument is the F.T.C., created in 1914 to police "unfair methods of competition." In 1938, Congress augmented the F.T.C.'s powers to protect consumers by granting it the authority to police "unfair or deceptive acts or practices in commerce." With a curious myopia, the conservative economists who people the upper reaches of the Reagan Ad-

(*Continued on Page 83*)

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LETTERS.

RAPOPORT'S CONTRIBUTIONS

New York City

Christopher Hitchens's portrayal of the rudderless Democrats at their midterm convention was undoubtedly on target ["Fashion Parade in Philadelphia," *The Nation*, July 10-17], but he misfired with his gratuitous attack on Bernie Rapoport. Rapoport has long been the backbone of the liberal movement in his native Texas, and it will take more than Christopher's first visit to the Lone Star State to learn what it means to have political courage there. Rapoport backed U.S. senators who were against the Vietnam War, he raised money for George McGovern and he's been a friend of civil rights and civil liberties for almost twenty years. A hundred more like Rapoport and the re-election efforts of liberal and moderate senators would have fared better against the glut of corporate and special-interest monies that ushered in the Reagan majority.

For the record, Rapoport has resisted a steady five-year campaign to involve him in *The Nation*'s own chronic money problems; he has preferred instead to channel his support to *The New Republic*, a sloppy indiscretion in an otherwise remarkable and valued career.

Hamilton Fish 3rd

MORE ON LAMPHERE'S NEWS

New York City

In her letter to *The Nation* [July 10-17], ABC News investigative reporter Patricia Lynch maintains that ABC's story about former F.B.I. agent Robert Lamphere and the breaking of K.G.B. codes is not "old news"; that Lamphere says he never spoke "'on or off the record about the broken K.G.B. code in relation to the Rosenberg case' until he spoke to ABC News"; that Lamphere has never been referred to as a public source about the codes in relation to the Rosenberg case; and that the existence of the codes proves Lamphere's contention that the F.B.I. knew "'of the Rosenbergs' involvement with the Soviets through K.G.B. messages. . . .'" In ABC's press release about the documentary, the network claimed that these codes gave the government "convincing evidence of the guilt of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg" and that they "confirmed to the U.S. government that the Rosenbergs were guilty of leaking U.S. atomic secrets to the Soviet Union."

ABC's story is framed in such a manner as to suggest that the K.G.B. codes named the Rosenbergs. Lynch evidently told Peter Kihss (*The New York Times*, May 27) that "sources maintained that the result was the arrest of the Rosenbergs." The codes, in other words, apparently named Julius and Ethel Rosenberg.

The treatment of these codes by Lynch and ABC News indicates very sloppy journalism. As co-authors of a forthcoming book on the Rosenberg case, we were invited by ABC News to an advance screening of the J. Edgar Hoover documentary on May 26. We spoke before and after the showing with executive producer Pamela Hill, producer-director Tom Bywaters, correspondent Marshall Frady and Patricia Lynch. Immediately after the screening, we told them—or tried to tell them—that we found grave fault with their story on two grounds. First, that it was indeed old news. We mentioned David C. Martin's *Newsweek* article (May 19, 1980), and Lynch responded that Martin had violated an understanding with Lamphere that his conversation was to be off the record. We said that even if that was true, *Newsweek* had run a more complete version of the same story two years earlier, and so the ABC program was hardly a scoop.

Second, and more important, we told Lynch that it was misleading to insinuate that the K.G.B. codes named the Rosenbergs in 1948. We pointed out that such a claim made no sense whatsoever. If it was true, why did the F.B.I. do nothing about the couple until 1950? Lynch *insisted* that this is precisely what the codes indicated and that Lamphere and her other sources had told her so. We responded that Lamphere himself had stressed this was not the case when we spoke with him. She argued that that simply could not be true.

We told Lynch that one of us, Ronald Radosh, had taped an on-the-record conversation with Lamphere on June 23, 1980. Lamphere said that the K.G.B. codes named others in a Soviet spy ring and indicated that an unnamed Soviet agent had tried to recruit Max Elitcher. Lamphere said: "We were trying to find out the identity of who was running the network as far back as 1948. We knew nothing about Rosenberg [being] the person at that time . . . I knew that I was looking for the guy who tries to recruit Elitcher. That's what I want. But I don't have any idea who it is."

But William Reuben ["ABC's Old News," *The Nation*, June 19] is also sloppy when he tries to undermine Lamphere's testimony entirely. . . . Material we have gathered in our research sustains some of Lamphere's claims, and since Lamphere was in charge of the section that worked on Soviet counterintelligence, his knowledge of the contents of the K.G.B. codes does not depend, as Reuben claims, on whether or not such material had been released to Marshall Perlin. Likewise, Lamphere's role as "supervisor of the code operation," to use Patricia Lynch's description, does not sustain ABC News's grandiose claims as to the import of his testimony.

Ronald Radosh
Joyce Milton

REUBEN REPLIES

New York City

Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton charge me with being sloppy because, they say, I claim that Robert Lamphere's knowledge of the K.G.B. codes depended "on whether or not such material had been released to Marshall Perlin." Since I do not profess to be able to read Lamphere's mind, I have no way of figuring out the perimeters of his knowledge. ABC's documentary, its advance press releases and its spokesperson's statement to *The New York Times* unmistakably implied that documentary evidence had *now* been released by the government. The reference to Perlin and the Justice Department in my June 19 editorial addressed itself solely to that ABC-created impression.

As for the "testimony" Radosh and Milton refer to, Lamphere claimed, as reported in the 1980 *Newsweek* article, in David C. Martin's 1980 book *Wilderness of Mirrors* and in Peter Kihss's recent story in *The New York Times*, that the Rosenbergs were implicitly "identified" and discovered through the broken K.G.B. codes.

I should also point out that this former F.B.I. agent has never told his story in a courtroom or under oath in any formal proceeding. To refer, therefore, to Lamphere's "testimony," as Radosh and Milton do in their letter, is misleading. It seems to me that to describe what Lamphere is currently offering, a more accurate word than "testimony" might be "scuttlebutt."

William A. Reuben

The Nation welcomes letters—typed, double-spaced and no longer than 300 words, please. Longer letters may be edited for reasons of space.

A SPECIAL INVITATION TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

We have initiated a campaign to build the membership of the Nation Associates, a group of *Nation* readers who contribute annually to the magazine beyond the cost of their subscriptions. For almost 40 years the Associates have provided invaluable support for *The Nation* and its work. In the coming months, you will be receiving a special invitation from us to join this vital support group. As an Associate you will be an important part of the continuing effort to preserve the highest standards of independent journalism in America's oldest weekly.

We hope our readers give serious consideration to joining the Associates program. —*H. F. 3rd*

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EDITORIALS.

Start Talking

Menachem Begin has chosen to wage what he hopes will be the final battle against the Palestine Liberation Organization in Lebanon; thus the rejectionists of both sides are locked in the ultimate face-off. But are they all rejectionists? On July 13, *The New York Times* published an interview with Yasir Arafat by Uri Avnery, the Israeli journalist and former Begin gadfly in the Knesset. Arafat spoke of peace between "two separate states," expressed his "approval for the American-Soviet communiqué in October 1977" and declared that "the Fahd proposals are a very good platform for a solution in the Middle East." Avnery asked Arafat to elucidate his commitment to the 1977 communiqué, which says, he pointed out, "that the security of all states in the area, including Israel, which it explicitly mentions, will be safeguarded." Arafat replied, "You see, when we have said O.K. to this initiative, this means that we accepted all its items. We said that it is a good platform for a peaceful settlement." And he added: "We are ready to live in any part of Palestine from which the Israelis withdraw or which will be liberated. Any part."

Is Arafat a rejectionist or not? His words surely satisfied in spirit, if not in the letter of a formal diplomatic instrument, Washington's sole condition for face-to-face negotiations between the United States and the P.L.O.: recognition

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of Israel's right to exist. On July 13, another P.L.O. official, Issam Sartawi, seemed to give official confirmation to Arafat's point. In a speech in Paris, Sartawi said, "The P.L.O. has formally conceded to Israel in the most unequivocal manner the right to exist on a reciprocal basis." Sartawi asserted that his statement could not be repudiated and that he was speaking "on the firmest official ground—on behalf of the governing body of the P.L.O.—the Palestinian National Council."

For some time now we have suspected that the issue of who should recognize whom first—the P.L.O., Israel or Israel, the P.L.O.—is a pseudo-issue, a semantic smokescreen. Arafat is a skillful player of this word game. So is Begin. And the State Department has joined them with its July 14 statement that Sartawi's words do "not appear to meet the position we have laid out" on U.S. recognition of the P.L.O. The Reagan Administration apparently wants something more "formal" than Sartawi's "formal" concession "to Israel in the most unequivocal manner the right to exist on a reciprocal basis." The word game continues.

But the death toll in Lebanon is real, regardless of the controversy over numbers. The war must stop. The killing of civilians must stop. And the flattening of part of a modern city with a population of half a million people must be averted. Negotiations must begin, and that means each side must start to talk seriously to the other. The State Department's special mediator, Philip Habib, clearly cannot effectively negotiate through middlemen—as he is now trying to do. Despite the middlemen, he is negotiating with the P.L.O. The pretense that he is not should be dropped. For the United States to talk directly with the P.L.O. would not constitute an endorsement of the call in the latter's charter for the destruction of the Jewish state. In fact, such talks might well be the catalyst for the dropping of this clause. And in the context of the present crisis, they could give Arafat the face-saving concession he needs to go back to his followers and persuade them to lay down their arms and leave Beirut.

We believe that a negotiated settlement, one that would bring about genuine Palestinian self-determination while insuring Israel's security, is possible. The mutual-recognition formula is a good one, but it cannot be implemented until a determined and influential mediator steps in to bring the parties together. Both Israelis and Palestinians distrust the United States—and with good reason. America has played both sides of the street in the Middle East and has never hesitated to intervene in the internal affairs of the countries concerned. Unfortunately, however, Israel's military and economic dependence on the United States (which began after its "victory" in the 1967 war), and the Arab world's client relationship with Washington because of the strategic importance of its oil, have put George Shultz and the boys from Bechtel in the mediator's seat. Only the United States can compel serious negotiations, and to do so it must break through the semantic barrier—its unwillingness to negotiate "directly" with a P.L.O. it does not "recognize." If direct talks with the P.L.O. could lead to mutual recognition between Israel and the Palestinians, can we any longer afford to let the semantics of nonrecognition stand in their way?

The Washington Post recently published a short statement signed by Pierre Mendes France, former prime minister of France; Nahum Goldmann, president of the World Jewish Congress; and Philip M. Klutznick, former U.S. Secretary of Commerce and now honorary international president of B'nai B'rith. Their statement is reprinted in the box below, and included in it are two sentences that *The Post*, curiously, omitted. They are "The war in Lebanon must stop. Israel must lift its siege of Beirut in order *to facilitate negotiations with the P.L.O., leading to a political settlement.*" (Emphasis added.) If mutual recognition is the first step to a peaceful settlement, then the Israelis need someone in West Beirut with whom to negotiate. Peace now is an aspiration, but direct negotiations are an obvious precondition.

Peace need not be made between friends, but between enemies who have struggled and suffered. Our sense of Jewish history and the moral imperative of this moment require us to insist that the time is urgent for mutual recognition between Israel and the Palestinian people. There must be a stop to the sterile debate whereby the Arab world challenges the existence of Israel and Jews challenge the political legitimacy of the Palestinian fight for independence.

The real issue is not whether the Palestinians are entitled to their rights, but how to bring this about while ensuring Israel's security and regional stability. Ambiguous concepts such as "autonomy" are no longer sufficient, for they too often are used to confuse rather than to clarify. Needed now is the determination to reach a political accommodation between Israeli and Palestinian nationalism.

The war in Lebanon must stop. Israel must lift its siege of Beirut in order to facilitate negotiations with the P.L.O., leading to a political settlement. Mutual recognition must be vigorously pursued, and there should be negotiations with the aim of achieving coexistence between the Israeli and the Palestinian peoples based on self-determination.

Pierre Mendes France
Nahum Goldmann
Philip M. Klutznick

Patient Neglect

A salient characteristic of the Reagan Administration is its ability to ignore history—even highly publicized events in the recent past. A case in point is a proposal that would gut consumer-protection guidelines in the nursing-home industry. Less than a decade after a wave of nursing-home scandals shocked the nation and led to corrective legislation, the Administration has introduced new regulations that threaten to

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vad r office, Rober hula, is a well-known businessman wh has connectio the extreme right. His father is a physician and dire s of military hospitals. An uncle is a conservative law and judge. Avila is staunchly antileft and has been th arget of assassination attempts by guerrillas. As a res , he packs a 9 millimeter Beretta pistol, drives a bulletp oof Mercedes sedan and employs a former sergeant in th lvadoran Army as a bodyguard.

Avila's de tption of how ARENA chose McCann to handle the c paign, however, made it seem almost a matter of char dSpeaking by telephone from San Salvador, Avila told d that ARENA went to McCann because the five other ical parties had already signed up "the largest agencies the country. When asked if McCann did the creative thk for the campaign, Avila said that his office h received material from ARENA's "political comm e" and merely "placed it in the media." "We were urprised by the large turnout," he added. "There was a lot of misinformation—outsiders thought we were like Nicaragua, with people fighting against a dictator, which we don't have." He estimated that d'Aubuisson's message reached 1.8 million Salvadorans, mostly through radio and TV spots.

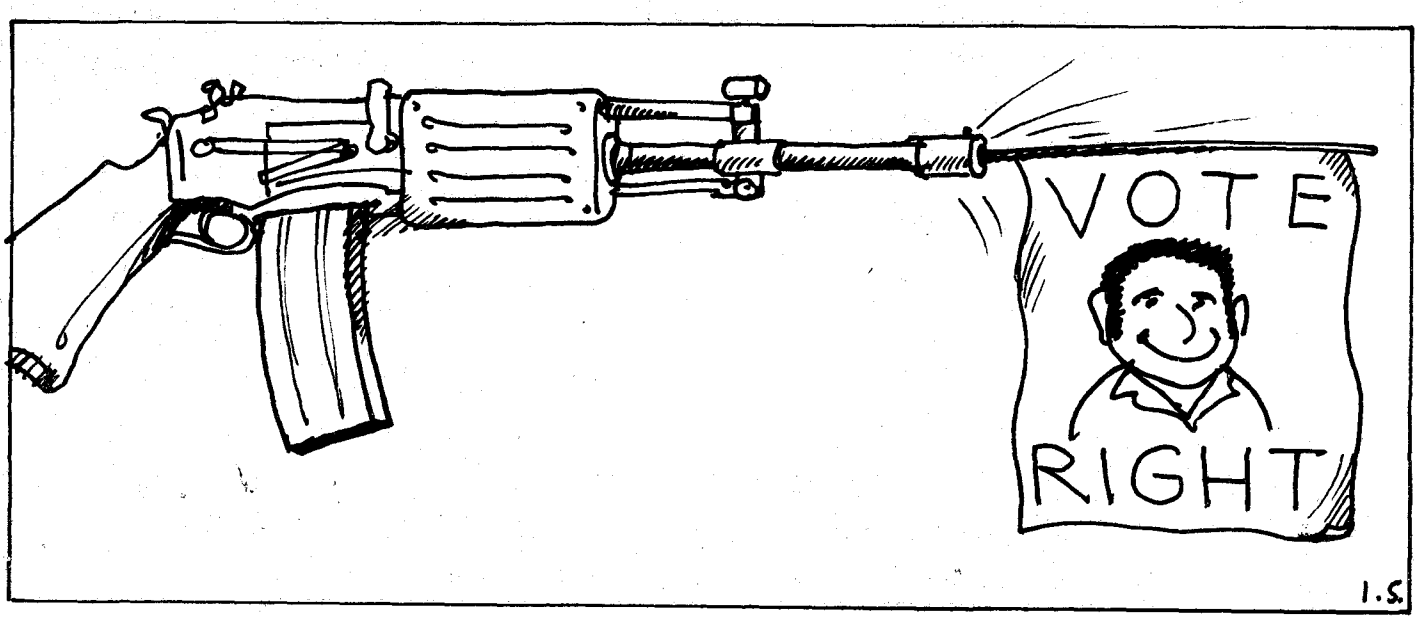
An American who follows the advertising business and who was in El Salvador during the campaign told me McCann's TV spots were "quite American" in style. He thought it unlikely that any nonprofessional in El Salvador could have produced them. Although McCann cut its staff in San Salvador from forty-one to twenty persons in 1982, Avila still had employees with the skills to prepare a slick campaign.

Pinning down the precise nature of the advertising agency's involvement in d'Aubuisson's campaign is difficult. Avila reports to McCann's regional office in Mexico City, which in turn reports to the company's headquarters in New York. But the New York office referred all questions about the d'Aubuisson account to Michael Ferrier, the regional director in Mexico City.

Ferrier told me that McCann was selected because the only other available agency, Moderna Noble, is Mexican, and ARENA disapproved of the Mexican government's recognition of the leftist parties in El Salvador. He and Avila decided that McCann would do its "best to help, but not involve the agency." To Ferrier, not involving the agency meant that the San Salvador office might "release" staff members from their usual duties for several months so they could work on the ARENA advertising campaign—"sort of loan the talent," as he put it. Because of staff shortages, however, Avila hired several freelancers to help produce the commercials, he explained. They were given office space and McCann handled media placement. The agency took a reduced commission, Ferrier said, and ended up doing the job at cost. "We did what we thought was our duty to the political system in El Salvador," Ferrier said.

Asked if he thought that ARENA's choice of the only American advertising agency in El Salvador was fortuitous, former U.S. Ambassador Robert White said, "No, I do not think so. I cannot believe that Mexico City would take on such a controversial client without getting an O.K. from New York. I'd also bet that there are connections between McCann-Erickson and the lobbyists who represent the landed interests of El Salvador and Guatemala. I have heard that the Salaverria brothers of Miami paid for the ARENA campaign. They are the most reactionary of the Fourteen Families."

A Salvadoran exile with extensive marketing experience in Latin America said that ARENA wanted to copy the techniques used in Ronald Reagan's 1980 campaign and thought McCann-Erickson, the only American advertising agency in El Salvador, would be the ideal choice. According to people familiar with the advertising business in El Salvador, $200,000 is a huge investment, since a TV spot costs a few hundred dollars and the budget for launching a new product runs about $25,000. In view of the size of the ARENA Party's campaign and the extensive pro-army advertising done by Jorge Bustamante's Central Elections Council, the large voter turnout and the swing to the right seems not so surprising after all. □



DRAWINGS BY ISIDORE SELTZER

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WEST BEIRUT AND THE WEST BANK

General Sharon's Man in Samaria

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Menahem Milson used to be Professor of Arabic Literature and chairman of the Institute of Asian and African Studies at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem. He has also served as an officer in the occupation forces and as an official adviser on Arab affairs on the West Bank. Today, he heads the newly created Civil Administration in Judea and Samaria, which operates on a mandate from Minister of Defense Ariel Sharon. You could say, therefore, that Professor Milson neatly straddles the line between soldier and "adviser"; between military occupation and civilian authority; between disinterested scholar and ambitious statesman. It's not surprising, then, to find that he got his latest job after writing an article in *Commentary*.

It appeared in May of last year and was called "How to Make Peace with the Palestinians." It was a great deal better argued and written than Jeane Kirkpatrick's January 1981 article in the same magazine, and it caught General Sharon's eye at once. What Professor Milson argued was this—that Israel was fooling itself about Palestinian opinion in the West Bank and Gaza. He rehearsed and reviewed all the liberal arguments—economic growth and progress would lead to moderation, free expression would lead to moderation, Camp David would of its own accord encourage moderation—and showed them to be wishful thinking. The problem, he said, was the P.L.O. He argued that while Israeli liberals were pretending otherwise, the P.L.O. had consolidated its hold on the local infrastructure and had used the resources of the elected city councils to define a future Palestinian state. Where support could not be "bought," Milson believed, it was extorted by intimidation:

> In this way the PLO achieved what has been described in the media as "the unanimous support of the people." This is not to say that patronage money and intimidation were the only motives behind people's allegiance to the PLO. Various temperaments and ideological orientations existed within the political public in the territories; there were pragmatists as well as adherents of absolutist dogma. What is important—and disturbing—is that the pragmatists and the moderates learned that it paid to obey the PLO, and how dangerous it was to disobey.

Having conceded, perhaps, slightly more about P.L.O. support than is customary with Israeli officials, Milson went on to add, this time in a rather understated fashion:

> A permanent and stable settlement of the Palestinian problem must include a solution for the Palestinian refugees in Lebanon, who number about 300,000. It would be impossible to settle them in the West Bank. However, the East Bank, with an area eighteen times larger, can accommodate a substantial portion of them. Hence any agreement on the permanent solution of the Palestinian problem must ultimately be struck between Israel and that political entity whose center is Amman.

Of course, there is an intermediate stage to be gone through before the mass of Palestinians accept a permanent exile in Jordan. Milson in his article somewhat elided that stage.

What hasn't yet been fully appreciated is how closely Sharon's invasion of Lebanon and Milson's stewardship of the West Bank are related. The *Commentary* prospectus makes the connection easier to perceive. General Sharon flattens a refugee camp and Professor Milson disbands an Arab municipal government and the objective is the same—the breaking of P.L.O. hegemony. As *The New York Times* reported on June 17:

> The elected city councils of two West Bank towns, Dura and Nablus, have been dissolved by Israel for refusing to work with the Israeli civil administration. Today five Arab moderates accepted appointments to the city council of Dura. An official in the Israeli civil administration said the moderates were now less vulnerable to intimidation by the Palestine Liberation Organization because of the success of the Israeli invasion of Lebanon.

Milson, that is to say, must now seize the opportunities created by his mentor. In doing so, he has to overturn one of Israel's most cherished propaganda claims—that the occupation of the West Bank is the most tolerant and "liberal" undertaking. On every front, from the rights of elected officials to the pluralism of the local Arabic press and the independence of the four West Bank universities, there is a rollback in progress. And the ultimate condition for the success of this rollback, if all goes according to plan, is General Sharon's physical liquidation of the Palestinian presence in Lebanon. This program may be many things, but it doesn't easily assimilate to the idea of "the only democracy in the Middle East."

Shortly before the invasion of Lebanon, I called on Professor Milson at his office, which occupies a former Jordanian hospital on a hill outside the twin towns of Ramallah and El-Bireh. He stuck, throughout our conversation, very firmly to the themes he had advanced in *Commentary*. "Our war is with the P.L.O., not the Palestinians," he said. The fact that P.L.O. supporters have been elected to local offices in all the major West Bank towns does not disconcert him (and hasn't prevented him from dismissing almost all of them from their posts since March 18). In his opinion, the 1976 elections that brought them to power were not truly democratic or properly conducted. The Labor Party officials who supervised them have a different memory, but Milson is adamant on the point. Nor does he believe that there are moderates *within* the P.L.O.—men like Elias Freij, mayor of Bethlehem, and Rashid Shawa, mayor of Gaza, both of whom have called for recognition of pre-1967 Israel. (Mr. Shawa was duly sacked on July 10.) In Pro-

Christopher Hitchens has made several trips to the West Bank. He acknowledges the generous help of the Association of Arab-American University Graduates in facilitating his most recent visit.

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fessor Milson's book, if they accept the final authority of the P.L.O., they are insincere in any offers of compromise.

I asked him about various actions that contradicted Israel's claims that it was running a liberal occupation—in particular the closing of the universities of Bir Zeit and Al Najah, and the blanket censorship and house arrests inflicted on the editors of the Arabic press. He replied that these came under the heading of military security and did not concern his civil administration. As for the abolition of elected authority, he had already made it plain that he hopes to raise a crop of moderates. On the crucial issue—the annexation of the West Bank—he took refuge in the five-year transition period laid down in the Camp David accords. He would not say whether he believed the territory belonged by right to Israel, and he would not say whether, if that were so, Israel would confer citizenship on the Arab inhabitants. On the actual pace of the annexation, he told me that there had been great exaggeration. According to him only 18,000 acres had been appropriated for settlement, and only 2,500 Jewish settlers had been established on them. This, as I found later, is true only if you exclude the large tracts around "Greater Jerusalem," which since its own annexation is no longer counted by Israeli officialdom as part of the "West Bank."

It's obviously very difficult for an outsider to weigh the issue of intimidation. But it must strike any visitor to the West Bank that, even in safety and in private and among trusted friends, nobody will really criticize the P.L.O. Even those who have risked their lives by direct collaboration, and who therefore have the least to lose, stop short of attacking "the leadership." In fifteen years of occupation, during which they have repeatedly shown their commanding military superiority, the Israelis have never found a reliable constituency for "moderation."

The potential for such a constituency is, in any case, being eroded by new settlement blocs and new roads connecting them. These networks are designed to "pacify" and divide the West Bank, not to conciliate it. The resulting militarization of the settlers [see Hitchens, "Golem on the West Bank," *The Nation*, September 12, 1981] is also a frank warning to the inhabitants of the consequences of continued resistance. Yet the evidence of the recent "Land Day" riots, in which even Israeli Arabs participated widely for the first time, is that there is an increasing *repudiation* of compromise. In the villages and the camps it is easy to find young people who will denounce the mayors—but only for their willingness to bargain with Israel. Freij and Shawa may be thought of as extremists by Milson, but they are also reviled as "sellouts" by many they claim to represent. A mood of this kind is not the result of intimidation. And intimidation, anyway, is not a one-way street. The Village Leagues, ostensibly Arab rural improvement groups but set up with Israeli encouragement and patronage to rival the P.L.O., are allowed to arm their members in self-defense. They thus have a legal monopoly on violence among their Arab neighbors, and in some well-attested cases have not been shy about using it. Any Arab caught carrying arms in any other circumstance is in serious and sometimes terminal trouble. (On investigation, the five *New York Times* "moderates" who accepted office in Dura turn out to be Village League members too.)

I was on the West Bank when the Palestinians were last crushed in Lebanon in 1976. The atmosphere was one of extreme demoralization and confusion. Since then there has been the rise of Begin, the "defection" of Sadat, the abolition of the "autonomy" that elected Arab authorities had enjoyed and now the tremendous defeat in Lebanon. On any graph, throughout this series of reverses, the curve of support for the P.L.O. on the West Bank would show itself as an upward one. Yet this doesn't necessarily disprove Professor Milson. He may not get the Palestinians to like him, but he and General Sharon can at least show them who is boss. □

REMEMBERING THE DUTCHMEN

One Way to Kill The Story

ANNE NELSON

San Salvador, March 18, 1982. The journalists stood in hushed groups outside the morgue. The fluorescent light within the building spilled into the night in a faint greenish wash; the soft clicking of shutters and the whirr of the cameras' automatic motor drives were the only sounds. Salvadoran attendants in white uniforms brought out the coffins containing the bodies of the four Dutch journalists one by one. The plain wooden boxes seemed oddly tasteful in this country where the honored dead are laid out in bronze vaults lined with turquoise velvet plush.

What had drawn the press was the usual file from El Salvador: more dead. But there was a hitch to the movements of the photographers on the scene, usually so fluid in crowded press conferences, so split-second sure under fire. The writers gagged on their questions, while the TV crews, whose ubiquitous klieg lights scorched the air, muttered that the bodies were too grotesque, too obscene, to make it onto the 6 o'clock news.

Perhaps what was gumming the motors of the foreign press was a panicky sense of autobiography. Only days before, the Dutch journalists had themselves been filming bodies and interviewing survivors. Now the ashen-faced people in the television glare were not Salvadorans, unfathomable but picturesque in their grief. They were gringos, they were journalists, they were ourselves. The press was present at the morgue in the triple capacity of victim, recorder and mourner. For a moment, the blessed immunity that separated the gringos and the journalists from the Salvadorans was gone.

Anne Nelson is a reporter and photographer who has covered the Caribbean Basin for the past four years.

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The bodies had been found that morning in guerrilla territory in the province of Chalatenango. As rumors of the discovery spread, journalists gathered outside the morgue. They waited in the parking lot for more than an hour.

Three journalists emerged from the morgue after identifying the bodies, their faces shocked and drawn. Then the rest of the press was invited in. The Dutchmen had not been laid out as honored dead. Their faces were caked with blood. Three had massive head wounds. One had been shot through both knees, another through the hand. Their pants had been removed or pulled down to the knees to expose bloodied genitals. There were two other bodies as well, an unidentified European, who had been placed in one of the crude coffins, and a Salvadoran, whose body had been flung on the floor. Obviously, no effort had been made to tidy up the dead. Someone intended that the international press see the bodies in this condition.

Armin Wertz, the West German journalist who had driven the four Dutchmen to Chalatenango the day before for a meeting with guerrilla forces, stood in the parking lot that evening agitatedly recounting the sequence of events to other reporters.

Earlier in the day Salvadoran officials had announced that the Dutchmen had been "killed in the crossfire" during a fire fight between government and guerrilla forces. No spokesman was at the morgue to explain why three men supposedly killed in crossfire had been shot point-blank in the head, or why one of them had been shot in both knees. In view of the circumstances of the deaths, the Salvadoran joint chiefs of staff's statement on the killings could be taken as a warning:

> In deploring this occurrence, the Armed Forces would like to reaffirm that it always asks that national and foreign press not risk themselves visiting the camps or areas where the terrorists operate. Unfortunately, in such cases as the present, some of the activities conducted by photographers, cameramen, and reporters remain outside the control of the Armed Forces.

The next day, fearing for his own life, Wertz fled the country. During the ensuing days, there was a minor exodus of Western European journalists—including all of the Dutch contingent—who had worked too closely with the dead men.

Only a week before the killings, a Swede, a Canadian and an Englishwoman, all reporters, sat around the pool of their hotel in Guatemala drinking beer and talking about the spate of "life with the Salvadoran guerrillas" stories that had appeared in many U.S. publications in the past month. "The Salvadoran government isn't going to like it," commented the Canadian casually. "At the same time, there's not much they can do about the Americans—they saw what happened after Bill Stewart was killed in Nicaragua. After that no one in Washington could lift a finger to help Somoza. So the obvious thing for the Salvadorans to do now would be to kill a non-U.S. journalist to set an example." He looked mildly at the others, who planned to leave for El Salvador within the week. The Swede, who was covering Central America for the first time, looked slightly nauseous and excused himself from the table.

Jacobus (Koos) Koster was the veteran among the four Dutch journalists, a theologian turned reporter who had spent thirteen years in Latin America. He was in Chile during the presidency of Salvador Allende, and when the 1973 coup occurred, he was interned in the soccer stadium in Santiago along with other European and U.S. journalists. For the past six years he had lived in Mexico and covered Central America for various news outlets, primarily IKON-TV, the Dutch Interchurch Broadcasting Company.

In the course of his trips to El Salvador, Koster developed close ties to the community of human rights activists in the Catholic Church, the Green Cross and other organizations. In June 1981, he served as guide and interpreter for a delegation of members of the European Economic Community Parliament. He took them to the office of the Human Rights Commission of the Archbishopric of San Salvador, where photographs of the tortured and the mutilated are on file. Then he escorted them to refugee camps overflowing with sick, naked children; finally, he took them to the prison at Santa Tecla, where 200 political prisoners were on a hunger strike. The delegation was horrified by what it saw and persuaded the European Parliament to pass a resolution condemning human rights abuses in El Salvador and calling on the United States to halt all military aid to the Duarte regime.

When Koster returned to El Salvador this year, he brought along a crew of three, including 25-year-old Hans ter Laag, who was making his first trip to Central America. It was a volatile time for the press in El Salvador. More than 500 journalists had come to the country to cover the March 28 elections, which had been touted by Washington as a major step toward peace. For the first time, U.S. journalists were covering the rebels' side of the war; even correspondents for the most conservative papers made arrangements to "go up" with the guerrillas. (Many European and Latin American journalists, agency photographers and freelancers had been doing that for years.) The coverage of the guerrillas stirred up further controversy. Journalists were accused of "romanticizing" a movement that only months before had been defined as "terrorist."

On March 12 at 5 A.M., Koster was hauled out of his room at the Alameda Hotel in San Salvador and taken to the headquarters of the Treasury Police for questioning. His three-man crew volunteered to go with him, though they were told they were not involved in the investigation. According to the Treasury Police, considered by many observers to be the worst human rights violator among the Salvadoran security forces, Koster's name and hotel address had been found in the pocket of a dead rebel in the province of Usulután. After five hours of interrogation, the Dutchmen were released. In a joint statement, Koster said he had no knowledge of how the guerrilla had obtained his name, and the police chief promised that his officers would not interfere with the group's journalistic activities. The statement

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was published in one of the capital's two morning papers, *Diario de Hoy*, along with a photograph of the journalists leaving police headquarters and the headline "Foreign Journalist Contact of Subversives." According to the government's Decree 507, any connection with "subversive groups" that is mentioned in the media is grounds for arrest, and photographs published in the government-controlled press often serve to tip off the quasi-official death squads. (Most foreign journalists agreed they would have fled the country after such an incident.)

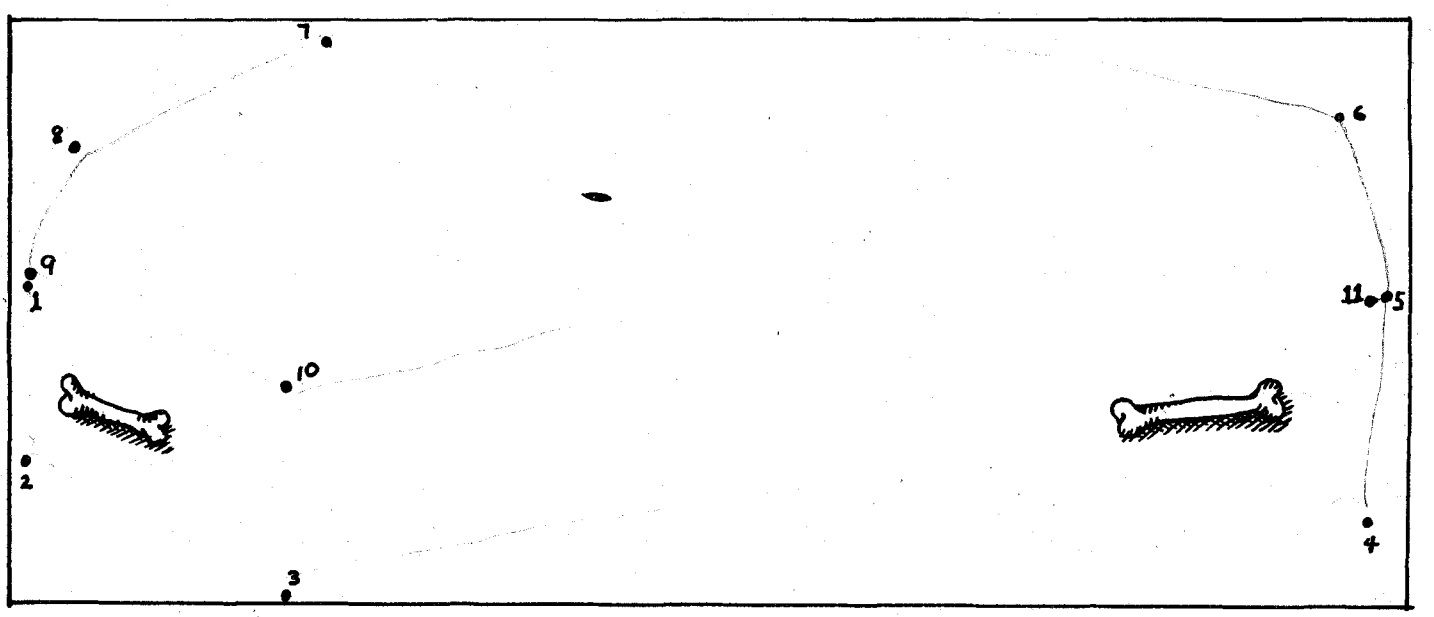
The Dutch journalists had a longstanding appointment to visit guerrilla-held territory in the northern part of the country. Their destination in Chalatenango was an area where, like much of the province, the government controlled only military installations and roads, and the guerrilla forces dominated the countryside. The trip had been postponed twice, once because of the March 12 arrest and once because of difficulties in finding a driver. The four Dutchmen finally left the capital in the company of two Salvadoran guides on the afternoon of March 17, shortly after 3 o'clock, and headed for their rendezvous point with the guerrillas in the scrubby, burned-over sharecroppers' fields of "Chalate." According to Armin Wertz, the driver, they were followed for several kilometers by an armored Cherokee van (the vehicle favored by the security forces and the death squads), which turned off the road before they reached their destination.

Wertz said that shortly after 5 o'clock, he let off the Dutchmen and their guides near El Paraiso, where they met three guerrillas and another European. From then on, the stories conflict. According to the Salvadoran government, a guerrilla column attacked an army patrol about the time the Dutchmen arrived at El Paraiso, and in the ensuing forty-minute gun battle the four journalists were accidentally killed. An unspecified number of guerrillas also died in the fighting; there were no government casualties. But residents of the area told reporters that four army patrols had surrounded the site earlier in the day and lain in wait for hours—an unusual tactic in a contested zone. The shooting lasted for twenty minutes at most, they said. The trails of blood and possessions that could still be seen the next day suggested that the wounded men attempted to flee from one line of fire, only to run into another. Small piles of M-16 shells revealed where the shooting had taken place.

A story that appeared in *The New York Times* on March 21 concluded that the Dutchmen had been killed in an ambush. One *Times* source speculated that government forces may have thought Koster was the Dutch producer of *Revolution or Death*, a pro-rebel film which has been widely shown in North America and Europe. *The Times*'s article was virtually the only one in a major newspaper to probe the killings, and its findings were preliminary. The only demands for an investigation came from the Dutch government, which received less than full cooperation from the Salvadoran authorities. When the Dutch ambassador to Mexico arrived in San Salvador, he requested that the remains not be touched until autopsies were performed, but the Salvadoran mortuary attendants, acting under orders from their superiors, embalmed and cosmeticized the bodies. On March 23, five days after the killings, the bodies were put on a flight to Amsterdam.

There are times in a war when one loses one's sense of reality and equilibrium. It can take months or years for foreigners in Central America to formulate a private version of the facts, but for the people of El Salvador, truth is even more elusive. Although both *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* ran front-page stories of a government massacre of more than 800 peasants in the province of Morazán in December 1981, for example, few Salvadorans had ever heard of the incident. It was the same with the murders of the Dutchmen. "Four foreign correspondents dead in combat" was all the Salvadoran papers reported.

The Salvadorans who work at the Alameda Hotel, where the four had stayed, were saddened and bewildered. Foreign journalists were their only source of information and not necessarily one to be trusted. The slight woman behind the restaurant cash register looked up from the headlines and said, tentatively, "It wasn't combat, was it." A National Policeman in plain clothes was posted outside Koster's



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room, and the door was sealed with silver tape as if dangerous gas were about to escape.

Latin American journalists spoke to one another in English. The entrance of a stranger into a hotel restaurant where journalists took their meals could silence half the room. The behind-the-lines stories about guerrilla life ceased. The international press dutifully covered the elections and the formation of the constituent assembly and then most of them left. Another round of coverage in the Central American wars had come to a close, and many reporters headed for a fresher war in the Falklands.

To those of us who were in El Salvador when the killings occurred, it seemed that international reactions fell along predictable political lines. A Reagan Administration spokesman supported the Salvadoran government's claim that the Dutch journalists died in combat. The next day hundreds of demonstrators burned an American flag on the lawn of the U.S. Embassy in The Hague.

The Dutch journalists were undeniably in El Salvador to complete an assignment for Dutch television, but questions were raised as to their "objectivity." Every government would like to define objective reporting as that which confines itself to the official version. But in journalistic practice, the word implies reporting both sides of a question—or a war. Coverage of the Vietcong would have been of inestimable value to the American people during the early days of the Vietnam War. The present Administration has not learned this lesson, judging from U.S. Ambassador to El Salvador Deane Hinton's charge that *The New York Times* was practicing "advocacy journalism" by publishing interviews with Salvadoran guerrillas and documenting massacres by government troops.

But the most shocking reaction to the deaths was the silence of the press corps. Although more than 500 foreign journalists were in the country at the time, there was no organized protest from the professional community, no stories that might have created international pressure on the government to conduct a full-fledged investigation. Some journalists believed that a request from them for such an investigation would have been considered provocative, or at the very least would have caused the government to withdraw their credentials and prevent them from covering the elections.

It seems safe to say that no investigation will take place. The murderers of the three American nuns and a lay worker who were ambushed in December 1980 have never been convicted, and the assassin of Archbishop Oscar Romero has never been named. There are plenty of smoking guns in El Salvador, but fingerprints disappear with astounding speed.

And so the Dutch journalists will be quickly forgotten, save by their families and friends. The Human Rights Commission has added photographs of their mutilated bodies to its collection. In his last letter to his girlfriend in Holland, Hans ter Laag, the youngest crew member, described the commission's collection. "It is terrible what's happening here," he wrote. "I shall explain it when I am at home." □

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LAXALT GOES TO WASHINGTON

The Senator And the Gamblers

BOB GOTTLIEB AND PETER WILEY

Richard Allen resigned as national security adviser because of his ties with Japanese businessmen. Secretary of Labor Raymond Donovan has been under fire for alleged friendships with mob figures in the New Jersey construction industry. Senator Paul Laxalt, a member of the White House inner circle, consorts with gamblers, to no discernible outcry.

Like his good friend Ronald Reagan, Paul Laxalt is a charmer. He is also a representative Reaganite, typical of the men in power in Washington.

Laxalt's route to the heights took him through Nevada's gambling industry. His has been a career helped by a number of unsavory associations, deals and arrangements—some of them involving organized-crime figures. "Gambling is our business," he told a crowd of his campaign contributors, nearly all of whom were casino owners or operators, during his 1980 campaign for re-election to the Senate. "It's yours, it's mine, it's Nevada's. It's an industry we are proud to call our own. But sometimes I think that we in Nevada have an unnecessary paranoia about being associated with the gambling industry."

Laxalt has shown no such compunctions. He has willingly served the gaming operators as lawyer, lobbyist and public relations man. Because of these activities Laxalt remains the most powerful politician in his state and one of the most influential politicians in the West. His life has been a series of long-shot bets that paid off.

Laxalt was born in Reno in 1922, the oldest son of an immigrant sheepherder from the Basque country of France who spent all his time in the mountains with his flocks. His wife, Theresa, raised their six children on the Laxalt ranch. When the family lost the ranch in the Depression, Theresa worked in the sheepherders' camps as a cook. When the family's financial situation improved, the Laxalts bought Ormsby House, a small hotel in Carson City, the state capital. Laxalt's father stayed in the mountains, and Theresa ran the hotel.

According to Paul's brother Peter, better known as Micki, Paul's entry into politics "was largely an accident of time and circumstance and location." Ormsby House and its restaurant became a popular rendezvous for Nevada politicians. Before he entered the University of Denver law school, Laxalt married his first wife, Jackalyn, the daughter of John Tom Ross, a power in the state Republican Party. After graduating from law school in 1949, he went to work in his father-in-law's law office in Carson City and, with Ross's support, entered politics. In 1951 he was elected district attorney of Ormsby County. He moved up to lieutenant governor in 1962, ran for the U.S. Senate in 1964, losing in a close race, and was elected governor in 1966.

That year the Nevada gambling industry, in which Benjamin (Bugsy) Siegel and Meyer Lansky had carved out a major role for the Eastern-based mob twenty years earlier, was shaken by a scandal. *The Chicago Sun-Times* revealed that millions of dollars were being skimmed (i.e., diverted to the owners' pockets before they could be counted for tax purposes) from Las Vegas casinos.

Candidate Laxalt had to build a political and financial base in Las Vegas, which meant winning the support of the local gamblers. But he also had to reassure the Federal Bureau of Investigation, upon whose reports *The Sun-Times*'s exposés were based, that as governor he would take steps to clean up the gambling industry. Laxalt had long harbored a small-town lawyer's suspicion of the Las Vegas gambling scene, in which prominent bankers, Teamster officials, politicians and "retired" crime figures all rubbed shoulders. Paul and Micki, also a lawyer, had represented casino owners in northern Nevada, including Harvey Gross, the owner of Harvey's Club, and John Ascuaga, who was also of Basque descent and owned Ascuaga's Nugget. But according to Alvin Wartman, a Las Vegas lawyer who became a key political adviser to Laxalt, he was "wary of the Strip people." The Strip people are, of course, the owners, many of whom have mob connections, of the big casinos like the Dunes and the Desert Inn along Route 95 south of town. As Wartman put it, Laxalt arrived in Las Vegas "with his hand on his wallet."

Laxalt's need for campaign funds outweighed his inhibitions, however. With the assistance of Ruby Kolod, part owner of the Desert Inn, he raised funds on the Strip. In 1965, Kolod, who has been identified by the Justice Department as a former Cleveland mobster, was convicted of threatening to kill a Denver lawyer in an investment dispute. And while Kolod was helping advance Laxalt's political career, the Nevada Gaming Control Board challenged the Desert Inn's gaming license. Kolod's partners included Morris (Moe) Dalitz, who figured prominently in Senator Estes Kefauver's probes of organized crime in the 1950s and was identified in testimony as Siegel and Lansky's man in Cleveland.

Once in office, Laxalt, eager to give the impression that he was cleaning up the gambling scene, made a flurry of appointments—all reputedly solid citizens—to the Gaming Commission and the Gaming Control Board. Since the commission issues gambling licenses and the board investigates illegal activities and screens applicants for licenses, the governor's power of appointment gives him a behind-the-scenes voice in who will gain entree into the lucrative world of gambling.

Among Laxalt's appointments was Dr. Samuel Davis, a

Bob Gottlieb and Peter Wiley are co-authors of Empires in the Sun: The Rise of the New American West *(G.P. Putnam's Sons) and are writing a book on the Mormon Church. Research for this article was done with assistance from the Fund for Investigative Journalism.* © *1982 Bob Gottlieb and Peter Wiley.*

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Las Vegas optometrist and leader in the Mormon Church who was named to the Gaming Commission. When we interviewed him last year, Davis claimed that Laxalt's choices showed "the lengths to which Paul Laxalt went to avoid conflict of interest." But as we later discovered, Davis himself had been involved in a conflict of interest that stemmed from his relationship with a group of executives who ran Caesar's Palace. The leader of this group, Caesar's credit manager Jerome Zarowitz, had close ties with top mob figures, including Vincent (Jimmy Blue Eyes) Alo and Anthony (Fat Tony) Salerno, members of the New York Cosa Nostra family headed by Vito Genovese, the Las Vegas press has reported. In 1968, Davis and several other Mormon businessmen, according to Clark County records, sold a piece of property in North Las Vegas for a substantial profit to Zarowitz and three other Caesar's executives—a clear conflict of interest, since it involved a person who not only was alleged to have mob connections but was applying for a gaming license.

We learned that after Davis was questioned by law-enforcement investigators in 1969, he sent a letter to Laxalt claiming that he had been unaware of Zarowitz's involvement in the deal and offering to donate the profits from the sale to the Mormon Church. Laxalt let Davis stay on the Gaming Commission, and the incident was never made public. Zarowitz left Las Vegas before the hearing on his license, but another Caesar's executive, who had also participated in the property sale, had his license renewed in 1969. Davis voted for renewal.

Davis was not the only Laxalt appointee to become embroiled in a conflict of interest. George Von Tobel, a member of the Gaming Commission, was a party to the sale of certain mining properties to Howard Hughes at a time when the commission was reviewing the billionaire's license application.

A third Laxalt appointee, Al Abner, was forced to resign from the Gaming Control Board because of a conflict of interest. Soon after Laxalt named him chairman of the board, Abner applied to the Federal Communications Commission for a license to start a new television station. Among his partners in the venture were Laxalt's brother John and two licensed casino operators, whose activities Abner was supposed to be policing.

While some of Laxalt's appointees were doing business with the people they were supposed to regulate (prompting Las Vegas reporters to nickname the board the Gaming Catering Board), Laxalt set out to change the Nevada gambling laws so that corporations could hold licenses. The governor claimed that this would put a stop to the practice of secret ownership by criminals, since the Securities and Exchange Commission requires that the names of corporate officers be listed. But as Micki Laxalt commented, "You hear an awful lot of arguments to the contrary: that it is easier to keep track of individual owners than a corporate owner. Also there is greater opportunity for stock manipulation."

Micki was right. The advent of corporate gaming was accompanied by a new form of corruption in the industry: the manipulation of casino stock being sold to the public. And the mob figures were able to hide behind corporate fronts and carry on business as usual. Laxalt himself became a friend of one of the "corporate" gaming operators, Delbert Coleman, the chairman of the Parvin-Dohrmann Company, which was being investigated by the S.E.C. for stock fraud. (The S.E.C.'s complaint, dated October 1969, charged that the company's officers had filed false and misleading reports, concealed facts about the company's operations in order to attract investors and manipulated the stock's price by buying up large quantities of it.) Coleman's lawyer at Parvin-Dohrmann was Sidney Korshak, a well-known Hollywood deal maker and "labor consultant" who has been identified by a prominent Chicago organized-crime figure as the mob's man on Sunset Strip. Justice Department officials have called Korshak "one of the five most powerful members of the underworld" and "the most important link between organized crime and legitimate business."

When the S.E.C. began looking into Parvin-Dohrmann's affairs, Laxalt attacked the probe as an unwarranted Federal interference, and he traveled to Washington to intercede with the Justice Department on Coleman's behalf. Even after the S.E.C. had suspended trading in Parvin-Dohrmann stock, Laxalt's Gaming Commission issued a casino license to Coleman.

During the time Laxalt was helping Coleman and Korshak, he intervened with the Gaming Commission on behalf of Howard Hughes. Three weeks after Laxalt was elected governor, Hughes—his pockets bulging with half a billion dollars from the sale of his stock in Trans World Airlines—sneaked into Las Vegas and began buying up casinos, starting with the Desert Inn. But Hughes had a problem: how could his mania for privacy be reconciled with the investigation of his finances that was required by the Gaming Control Board? In an attempt to avoid the probe, he hired a local lawyer named Tom Bell, who was a political ally of Laxalt's. Three days before the license hearing was scheduled to take place, Hughes wrote to Laxalt, offering to donate $250,000 annually for twenty years to a proposed state medical school. With Hughes's permission, Laxalt immediately announced the offer, and gained the political credit. Hughes emerged as a benefactor of the people of Nevada. He got his license without an investigation of his finances.

When a group of Nevada legislators threatened to look into the special treatment Hughes had received, Hughes again turned to Laxalt for assistance. Following a long telephone conversation in which Hughes, who was then addicted to drugs, rambled on about his master plan for the

COMING UP

"Round Up the Usual Suspects": The New Right Unleashes the F.B.I.

By Frank Donner

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state and his fear of germs in the Las Vegas water supply, Laxalt summoned reporters to tell them that his discussion with Hughes "was one of the most interesting conversations of my life." The investigation eventually fizzled, since it had become politically unwise for the legislators to attack Hughes.

So close was the Hughes-Laxalt relationship that Hughes wrote to an aide, "I think Laxalt can be brought to a point where he will just about entrust his entire political future to his relationship with us . . . I intend to back him with unlimited support right into the White House in 1972." Hughes's plans, however, never got any further than having Laxalt take a secret campaign contribution to Richard Nixon and sending him to Washington to discuss with the President the possibility of Laxalt's running for the U.S. Senate in 1974.

Despite being Hughes's choice to carry out his master plan for Nevada, Laxalt was becoming restless. According to Micki, "He felt that state government was nothing more than the ultimate dispenser of Federal carrots, and he resented that very, very much."

More than a year before the end of his term, Laxalt announced that he would not run for re-election, saying that he wished to spend more time with his family. Although this was an appealing explanation, Laxalt divorced his wife soon thereafter. (He subsequently married his longtime secretary.) But even before stepping down, Laxalt was priming himself for a new career—as a casino owner.

Laxalt had big plans. As early as 1969, he talked with his brothers and with associates in his law practice and in the state government about building a hotel-casino in Carson City. He was also promoting another venture—the expansion of his Carson City law firm, which Micki had run while Paul served as governor, into a statewide operation.

The law firm had done well during this time, thanks to a $188,000 annual retainer, in addition to fees, from Howard Hughes. When Tom Bell became a partner in the Las Vegas office of the expanded firm, the dotty billionaire provided an additional $72,000 retainer. Delbert Coleman, who also had reason to be grateful to Laxalt, was the firm's other major client and good for a $100,000 retainer.

Step two, and the centerpiece of Laxalt's dream, was the construction of a new, bigger Ormsby House, which he envisioned as a gambling palace and a monument to his beloved mother. "We had no family money at all to invest," Micki recalls, but the brothers knew that in Nevada it was possible to make something out of nothing. "Paul watched with interest what Hughes did. He learned you could finance these things without writing a check," says Dick Horton, a Reno lawyer and one of Laxalt's political advisers. "He learned these things as governor and he went out and did it."

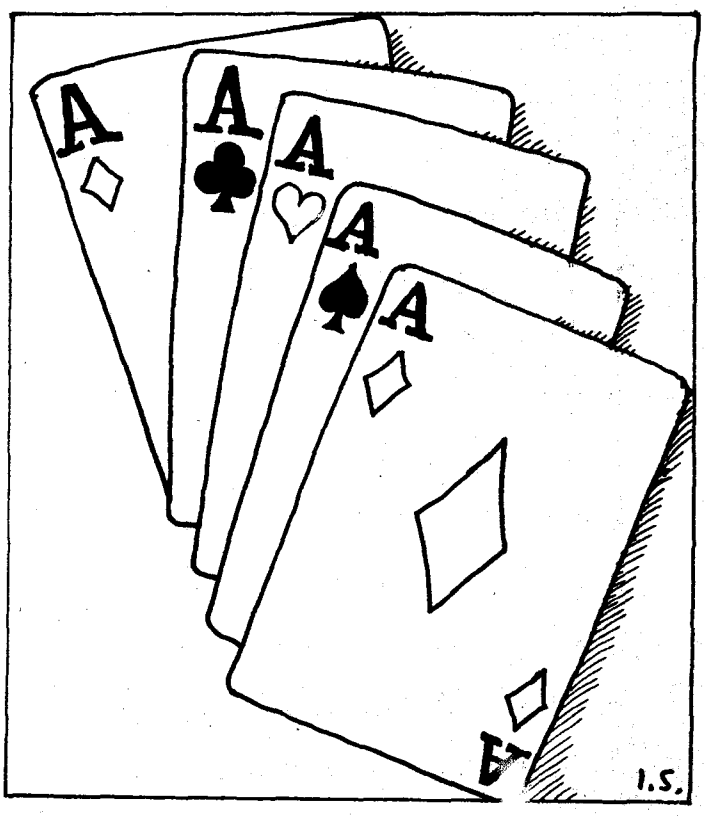
Laxalt approached several banks, including some in the northern part of the state that had policies of not investing in casinos, and received financing. Within two years, however, his intricately woven plan started to unravel. The Las Vegas office of his law firm had to be closed in 1971 after Hughes left the city, taking his ample retainers with him. And Ormsby House was facing financial difficulties even before it opened.

The new Ormsby House was to be an ornate edifice with a huge portico, a stone facade and hardwood fixtures inside. Construction costs mounted rapidly, and Laxalt was forced to go back to the banks for a second infusion of cash in order to complete construction. He had delegated responsibility for managing the casino to his cronies, who lacked experience in the gaming business, and the operation went deeper into the red. One associate in the venture recalls that there was not even sufficient cash on hand to cover a major jackpot, a violation of gaming regulations.

A country-club atmosphere prevailed among the casino management. Several members of the staff spent most of their time carousing, Laxalt's associates remembered, chasing female employees and getting drunk at the wild parties given by Paul's brother John, who bore the appropriate title of entertainment director.

Those involved in Ormsby House, including general manager Clark Russell, Laxalt aide Jerry Dondero and Micki Laxalt, blame their difficulties on external factors, such as the 1973 gas crunch and the problem of starting an expensive hotel-casino in a small town. But others point to management ineptitude as the cause of the big losses. "I don't think Paul is a good business manager, a common failing among lawyers," says Dick Horton. "He was turning to friends, people he knew, people he felt comfortable with. He is a leader. He wants to be a leader. If he brought in a strong leader, he wouldn't be the leader."

In 1973, with his back to the wall, Laxalt approached Coleman, whose casino license had been revoked because of charges of stock fraud. Coleman introduced Laxalt to a vice president of the First National Bank in Chi-



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cago, which had financed Coleman's takeover of Parvin-Dohrmann. On the strength of Coleman's introduction, and despite the lack of any significant investment by Laxalt in the casino and the heavy losses it had incurred, the bank agreed to consolidate all previous loans into an $8.5 million package, giving Ormsby House a short reprieve.

Over the next year, however, the casino continued to lose money. By 1974, Paul had turned the operation over to Clark Russell and was back in politics, locked in a tough race for the U.S. Senate with Lieutenant Governor Harry Reid.

Ormsby House was on the brink of bankruptcy by the winter of 1975. According to Russell, several casino owners, including the Hyatt chain and Harrah's, expressed interest in buying it, but the potential purchasers "felt it was just a matter of time before Ormsby House would have to file for bankruptcy. They thought they could get a better deal if Ormsby House went in a courthouse sale." Micki and Russell finally found a buyer for the casino. Once again, the Laxalts were rescued from financial quicksand.

During his 1974 senatorial race Laxalt was attacked more than he had been at any other time in his political career. Columnist Jack Anderson obtained several memorandums from Howard Hughes to Robert Maheu, his chief of staff, and others describing Hughes's relationship with Laxalt. Hank Greenspun, editor of *The Las Vegas Sun*, uncovered the story of how Coleman had helped Laxalt obtain the First National Bank loan. And Jimmy (The Greek) Snyder, a Las Vegas oddsmaker, revealed that he had been the go-between for an unnamed person with mob connections who had offered Laxalt a $500,000 bribe, an offer that Laxalt refused but never reported to authorities.

Despite all this hostile fire, Laxalt won by a narrow margin. When he arrived in Washington, he was an outsider. But within a few years, he won national recognition on the strength of two crucial decisions: to embrace Ronald Reagan and to oppose the Panama Canal Treaty.

When Reagan announced his Presidential candidacy in 1975, he named Laxalt his campaign chairman, and the Senator quickly became his top spokesman and close personal adviser. While he was governor, Laxalt called himself a Goldwater conservative but did not display any strong ideological convictions. His opposition to the treaty, however, gave him conservative credentials and gained him national attention.

Then ABC News charged that Laxalt's brother John, who was involved in a variety of New Right organizations, had paid $6,000 to Alexis Watson-Castillo, a self-described former Panamanian intelligence agent. At a closed Senate hearing, Watson-Castillo had accused Panamanian leader Omar Torrijos of being involved in corrupt activities, including gambling and prostitution. But before the ABC cameras, he confessed that he had been paid to spread false charges about Torrijos.

The anti-treaty campaign marked the beginning of Laxalt's close association with the New Right. To strengthen these ties he introduced the Family Protection Act of 1979, a bill drawn up by New Right ideologues including members of the Moral Majority. (In mid-1982, Laxalt withdrew his sponsorship of the bill in deference to President Reagan's strategy of giving priority in Congress to the passage of his budget and his domestic economic program.)

In 1980, despite being on the "right" side of the political spectrum at a time when voters were in a conservative mood, the Senator was embroiled in a close race for re-election with former state senator Mary Gojack. Among the contributors to Laxalt's campaign were Caesar's Palace executive Clifford Perlman, who had been denied a gaming license in New Jersey because of his links to Meyer Lansky, and Moe Dalitz, who gave $2,000, the maximum allowed by law. When *The Nevada State Journal* called on Laxalt to return the contribution in view of Dalitz's alleged involvement with organized crime, Laxalt replied, "I refuse to let politics get in the way of good friendship."

After he was re-elected, Laxalt used his friendship with the President to secure appointments for a number of his Nevada allies, including Robert Broadbent, a prominent Mormon politician, who was made Commissioner of Reclamation; former law partner Joe Y. Brown, who was appointed to the International Claims Commission; Robert Horton, who became head of the Bureau of Mines; former law partner Reese Taylor, who was made chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission; and three members of his family. (Laxalt's daughter Michelle is a Congressional liaison for the Agency for International Development, his son John is at the Republican National Committee and his adopted daughter, Denise, works in the White House speechwriting office.)

Laxalt was also eager to use his influence in Washington to advance the interests of Nevada casino owners, including Micki and Bob Berry, Micki's law partner and an associate in the Ormsby House venture. In March 1981, the Senator revived his feud with Federal law-enforcement agencies, charging that Las Vegas was "infested" with I.R.S. and F.B.I. agents who were harassing casino operators and their employees. Laxalt then said that he would use his position on the Senate Appropriations Committee to get the Feds off the gamblers' backs. He also asked the President, as a personal favor, to restrict Federal involvement in Nevada's long-standing squabble with the state of California over casino development at Lake Tahoe. Laxalt's efforts on behalf of Tahoe casino owners who were pushing for rapid development of local gambling helped not only his brother and Berry, who owned shares in two Tahoe casinos, but also a number of his brother's legal clients, who are Tahoe casino owners.

Paul Laxalt's journey from Main Street to the governor's mansion and from Ormsby House to the right hand of the President has been erratic. He overcame the handicap of his impoverished youth and won recognition from the shady crowd of casino owners, "retired" gangsters, bankers and front men for the Teamsters and other mob-infiltrated unions, who really call the shots in Nevada.

Some Nevada newspapers have speculated that Laxalt will make a vice presidential try in 1984—or even become the

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Republican Presidential candidate if Reagan decides not to run. But in 1980, Reagan advisers told reporters that Laxalt's gambling connections would be a major barrier to his receiving the second spot on the ticket.

Paul Laxalt's real power lies in his role as the President's errand boy on Capitol Hill. He lacks the substance to emerge from the shadow of his White House patron and become a political figure in his own right. Strip away the Reaganite veneer and all that is left is a local-issue politician, a booster of gambling, his state's number-one industry.

During his 1980 senatorial campaign, Laxalt's slogan was "He's one of us." When the gamblers paid tribute with large donations and lavish praise, they demonstrated their strong agreement with that sentiment. They knew that their Senator, who likes to call himself the President's younger brother, was still one of the boys. □

Reaganism

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

ministration read "economic efficiency" wherever the word "unfairness" appears in the statute books. The F.T.C. Act is a prime example of the historic American consensus that the powerful incentives that make free markets so efficient must not be allowed to sweep away the ethical norms on which our society is based—honesty, fair dealing, not exploiting the vulnerable or harming others. That has been the unchallenged mission of the F.T.C. for nearly three-quarters of a century.

Perhaps the commission's most aggressive (some would say heroic) defense of the public health came in response to the overwhelming evidence of the hazards of cigarette smoking. In 1964, the commission proposed a rule requiring that all cigarette advertising disclose the hazards of smoking, on the grounds that the "cumulative effect [of cigarette advertising] . . . has been to establish a barrier to adequate public knowledge and appreciation of the health hazards."

Throughout the 1960s and 1970s, the commission continued its fight to counter the threat that cigarette advertising posed to public health. In May 1981, the commission staff reported to Congress that the current warning on cigarette packages and in advertising had failed to apprise the public of the known risks. The commission staff urged that the language be replaced by a series of warnings about specific risks and hazards, which would appear, in rotation, on labels and in advertising. This proposal is contained in a bill co-authored by Senators Robert Packwood and Orrin Hatch and Representative Henry Waxman.

During the Nixon and Ford Administrations, a succession of Republican F.T.C. chairmen accepted their responsibility to address the mounting concern over the proliferation of advertising of heavily sugared, salted and fat-laden foods directed at young children. They agreed that such advertising practices raised serious health concerns and violated fundamental standards of fair commerce.

A number of strategies for combating such advertising have been proposed. In the mid-1970s, the commission launched a highly publicized effort to engage the food and broadcasting industries in a public dialogue designed to lead to the adoption of voluntary restraints. In 1975, it proposed an ambitious set of regulations to govern food advertising, including a requirement that each advertisement, written or broadcast, disclose basic nutritional information. In 1978, the commission launched its "notorious" children's advertising inquiry. What is perhaps not widely known is that the F.T.C. never formally proposed a ban on advertising aimed at young children, though it did ask for public comment on the need, desirability and feasibility of such a ban, along with consideration of other potential remedies.

Following strenuous lobbying by the broadcast and food industries, Congress decided in 1980 that the commission could not develop rules governing the *fairness* of advertising practices for two years, though it could continue to police deception. Subsequently, the F.T.C. concluded that while advertising aimed at children was inherently deceptive, it could conceive of no feasible ways of policing it.

Throughout much of its history, the Federal Communications Commission has also sought ways to combat the commercialization that degrades children's minds and health. Among the most dramatic products of this struggle was the ruling (under a chairman appointed by President Nixon) that the "fairness doctrine" required TV and radio stations to broadcast antismoking announcements. That doctrine has been marked for extinction by the Reagan F.C.C.

It is tempting to belittle the efforts of the F.T.C. and the F.C.C. The gains in restraining corporate greed have been modest. Today, even those gains are being dissipated by an Administration which has abandoned all pretense of applying either regulatory sanctions or moral suasion to the private sector. The F.T.C., whose chairman cheerily refers to himself as a member of the "anarchist wing of the Adam Smith Society," is abandoning efforts to deal with public concerns that have knitted together generations of citizens' groups, commissioners and Congressional leaders.

The new chairmen of the F.T.C. and the F.C.C. have devoted considerable energy and moral fervor to peeling their agencies from the backs of oppressed broadcasters and advertisers. To the best of my knowledge, not a whisper of concern about the impact of mass media advertising on the public health has emanated from the leadership of these agencies since the Reagan ascendancy. Those who have accepted responsibility for enforcing laws that impose ethical constraints on business have instead demonstrated a chronic revulsion against government interference with the marketplace.

That market incentives can stimulate harmful or exploitive behavior seems not to have occurred to these people, whose faith in the self-correcting nature of the marketplace is surreal. Not a word is said of the stimulative and manipulative capacities of advertising. To the economists at

Michael Pertschuk is a commissioner and former chairman of the F.T.C. This article is adapted from a speech he delivered in April at the University of California Extension Center in San Francisco.

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the F.T.C., advertising is the dissemination of information; indeed, such information is *demanded* by consumers—like the 3-year-olds who watch Captain Kangaroo.

Regulatory agency efforts, however lame (or crippled by Congress), have had an impact in the past. Advertisers and broadcasters are not immune from the spotlight of public opprobrium. The agencies have aroused public concern and enhanced the prestige of voices within an industry advocating socially responsible practices. For example, the president of Kellogg's manned the ideological barricades to charge that the children's advertising proceeding threatened that "advertising as an efficient and economic marketing effort will be on its way to oblivion and so will democracy." Yet his company quietly invested $50 million in its new Nutrigrain product line with the slogan, "No sugar added." Is there any doubt that the government's hot breath as well as consumer demand influenced that investment?

The Grocery Manufacturers of America has always been in the vanguard of resistance to the F.T.C.'s efforts to require nutritional information in advertising. Yet in 1976, the G.M.A. developed a series of public service television announcements about nutrition starring a chastened Cookie Monster.

In June 1977, the vice president for program practices and standards at ABC attacked the F.T.C.'s children's advertising proposals as "too outrageous a concept to even discuss." Shortly thereafter, however, ABC announced that it would reduce the volume of advertising on its children's programs by 25 percent and would substitute educational messages about nutrition and other subjects. In the same year, NBC developed a series of noncommercial advertisements for its own stations designed to educate children on the nature of advertising and promote nutritional literacy.

Now that the heat is off, what has become of the ABC and NBC initiatives? In testimony before the F.C.C. early this year, Peggy Charren, president of Action for Children's Television, reported that these modest voluntary efforts had been abandoned and that "a perception by broadcasters of approaching deregulation has already resulted in significant 'backsliding' and reduced programming for children."

Last summer I spent several comfortable days and evenings at the Aspen Institute, where I attended a seminar on "The Corporation in Society." The group was made up primarily of American executives, with a sampling of foreign businessmen. The discussion turned to children's advertising and the value of employing America's great entrepreneurial and creative genius to transform 3-, 4- and 5-year-olds into whining pleaders for Fruit Loops.

The dean of the participants at the institute, the elegant Sir Huw Wheldon, former managing director of television for the British Broadcasting Corporation, was troubled that the issue had been framed in terms of corporate morality.

"All this talk of morality makes me uncomfortable," he complained.

Would he favor a change in British law to permit television advertising aimed at children?

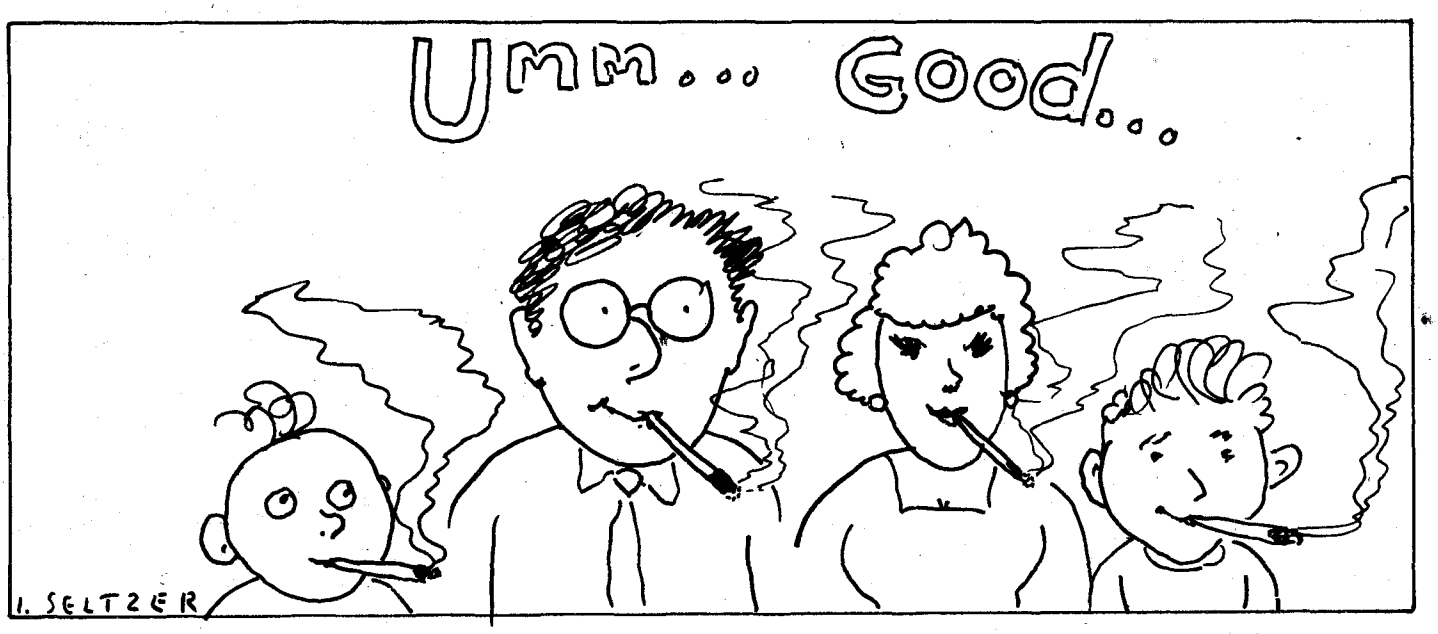
"Of course not."

Why? he was asked.

"It's unseemly; it's uncivilized."

Civilization has never flowed spontaneously from American business, and the lack of it is an inevitable byproduct of vigorous, profit-maximizing behavior. Consequently, we have looked to government as the civilizing force, thereby raising painful and important issues. The policing of commercial speech casts a shadow, however pale, on the freedom of political speech and on the independence of the media. Overregulation of advertising can chill competition and impose needless burdens on a shaky economy. But the cautious initiatives over the years intended to redirect advertisers' energies away from the stimulation of lung cancer, malnutrition, and alcohol and drug abuse have not significantly threatened the free marketplaces of ideas or goods.

And when government abandons all responsibility for restraining the excesses of the marketplace, does that not tarnish our claim to a place among civilized nations? □



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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Is TV Trivial?

DEAN VALENTINE

THE REAL CAMPAIGN: The Media and the Battle for the White House. *By Jeff Greenfield. Summit Books. 319 pp. $14.50.*

Jeff Greenfield's argument is as strong as an argument can be without also being right. In *The Real Campaign*, Greenfield, a former media consultant who is now a fixture on morning television, takes a sledgehammer to one of the cornerstones of current political wisdom: the notion that the media, TV especially, determine the outcome of elections. In this view, running for office is a matter of marketing. Take $20 million and a basic speech that has been not written but engineered, throw in a couple of polls, some Attitudinal Communications Process, Goals Reanalysis and a pleasing demeanor, spice with Grecian Formula, put it all through the alembic of television—and presto! From Ronald Reagan, grade-B actor, to Ronald Reagan, President of the United States.

To Greenfield, the media's power to transmute base metal is itself only a hype. "The thesis of this book," he writes, "is that television and the media made almost no difference in the outcome of the 1980 presidential campaign." Reagan won, according to the author, because the Republicans were better organized, more unified and richer than the Democrats, and put forth ideas that the American public found relevant and "coherent." Above all, Reagan was running against a President regarded even by many in his own party as an amiable nobody. In the end, basic political realities—not marketing, not style—put Reagan in the White House.

This proposition is not exactly hot off the wires. Edwin Diamond made a similar case for the 1976 campaign in *Good News, Bad News.* But it has never been presented either with such clarity or in such exhaustive detail.

The issue of media power was first raised in Joe McGinnis's *The Selling of the President, 1968*, an account of how Richard Nixon's handlers packaged their candidate like so much breakfast cereal to make him palatable to every kind of voter. But Greenfield follows Michael Arlen in pointing out that their success was merely apparent. Hubert Humphrey staggered out of Chicago as the standard-bearer of a deeply divided party. The Trickster left *his* convention with a fifteen-point lead in the polls and twice as much money as his rival. Six weeks later they were running even. Nixon won by a margin of 500,000 votes out of nearly 73 million cast. The "New Nixon" created by Madison Avenue was the same old tart wearing better makeup, and people knew it.

Greenfield believes that the voters' choice is determined not by their so-called "perceptions" of the candidates but by real issues and longstanding convictions. The media may harden those convictions and even create temporary fluctuations in a candidate's popularity. But what ultimately happens, Greenfield implies, is what would have happened had TV never been invented.

Consider the fates of two of the men who pinned their hopes on the validity of Theodore White's dictum that "the media *is* the campaign." George Bush elevated this observation to a religion. The media attention Jimmy Carter received in the 1976 Iowa caucuses catapulted him to national prominence—and convinced Bush, four years later, that politics was simply a question of developing "momentum." He would win early and the media would do the rest for him. He did win the Iowa caucuses, just like Carter, and his victory dominated coverage for the next two weeks. ("I would like to suggest," said NBC's Tom Pettit, "that Ronald Reagan is politically dead.") But for all of Bush's "big mo," Reagan destroyed him. The reason, according to Greenfield, is simply that there were no issues for Bush to run on; they all belonged to Reagan. As this became clear to the voters, Bush's momentum petered out into the Vice Presidency.

John Anderson also relied on media exposure, of which he received an ample amount—a triumph for a third-party candidate. Fifty-five million viewers watched him debate the Republican front-runner. "He's up there with Governor Reagan as an equal, one of the big boys, certified and all that," commented CBS's Bruce Morton. Polls showed Anderson pulling in 25 percent or more of the vote. In fact, Greenfield notes, he had no political base and no money. He wound up with a whimpering 6 percent on November 4.

Reality bit Democrats as well. Ted Kennedy challenged Jimmy Carter on the issue of leadership. It was a foregone conclusion, to hear the media tell it, that Kennedy would win. Then came the Roger Mudd interview: "Well I'm—were I to—to make the—the announcement and—to run, the reasons that I would run is because I have a great belief in this country, that it is—has more natural resources than any nation in the world. . . . " The interview, according to Greenfield, helped "shape a climate in which Kennedy's most powerful claim to the Democratic Presidential nomination—his leadership skill and his political ability to lead the party to victory—was severely weakened." While this may seem to contradict Greenfield's thesis, it does so only in a minor way. Greenfield argues—rightly, I think—that the interview merely amplified a widespread distrust of Kennedy. The real issue for the Senator was, of course, Chappaquiddick. Early polls may have suggested that it was no longer a factor, but they were wrong.

As for Carter himself, the 1980 campaign uncovered what had always been at the core of this elusive politician—a profound emptiness. Carter was the ultimate hollow man, who, aided by his Secretary of Perception Gerald Rafshoon, beamed images of fullness into American living rooms: Carter the Man of the Soil, picking peanuts down on the farm; Carter the Man of the People, strolling along Pennsylvania Avenue; Carter as F.D.R., cozily delivering a fireside chat; Carter as Mr. Cleaver, helping Amy with her homework; Carter as Prophet, summoning the American people to the mountaintop and finding us wanting. Throughout the whole of his political career one theme alone remained constant: the image is the message.

Americans bought this routine for the first six months of Carter's Presidency. Then reality set in: close advisers who seemed to have been scraped off the

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bottom of the Okefenokee Swamp (or, in the case of Zbigniew Brzezinski, the Institute of Russian Studies at Columbia); skyrocketing inflation; unemployment; and a foreign policy that relied solely on Carter's personal sense of morality and was never integrated into the bureaucratic structures he so disdained. Carter stood for re-election on the worst record since Herbert Hoover's.

The jig was up, but the Georgia mafia never noticed. Their strategy for the 1980 campaign was twofold. First, they resorted to what they did best —manufacturing images; if Carter couldn't act like a President, he could at least be perceived as Presidential. Second, they tried to paint Ronald Reagan as a warmonger, a threat to world peace. If it worked for Lyndon Johnson against Barry Goldwater, it could work for them.

The strategy failed, of course, and Greenfield's analysis of this failure is where his argument starts to unravel. To hear the author tell it, what carried the day for the Republicans was not simply the poverty of Carter's record. It was also the richness of Reagan's ideology as expressed in his "clear and coherent" political rhetoric. (You'd need a calculator to add up the number of times Greenfield, a liberal, applies these adjectives to the snake oil Reagan was peddling.) "What appears to have decided the election," he writes, "was a series of fundamental changes in the beliefs of millions of Americans."

Greenfield ought to know better than to trust appearances. That is not what decided the election. As Mark Green has pointed out, polls taken during and after the balloting revealed an *anti-Carter* landslide that swept along with it liberals like Frank Church and John Culver. Certainly there was no mandate for conservative rule. Americans were, and are, to the left of Reagan on just about every issue: abortion, SALT II, civil rights, Social Security, antitrust legislation and so forth. Only when it came to tax cuts and military spending did Reagan find himself in the mainstream, and even on those issues he is winding up to the right of the country.

So how could this ex-actor who stood outside the national consensus on most issues become President of the United States? Carter is half the answer. The other half, *pace* Greenfield, is television.

Greenfield raps the media on the knuckles for their tendency to reduce the electoral process to a horse race. But his determination not to be hoodwinked by the flickering shadows on his set blinds him to the very real political consequences of living in the television age. Television was critical to the election of Ronald Reagan—not because of the money he spent on commercials or because he got good coverage but because of larger historical forces and the essential nature of the medium. Robert Kaiser, among others, has noted that as the parties and ward heelers became extinct, TV stepped in to fill the political communications gap. At least in its present stage of development, however, the medium is ill-equipped to fill it. Intelligence and complexity come across badly on the tube; it prefers the sincere and the likable, the instantly digestible image. TV was made for the likes of Ronald Reagan—a misfortune for a nation whose epic problems cannot be encapsulated in an amusing anecdote.

In deciding how to vote, Americans asked Carter, "Why four more years?" They asked Reagan a different question: "Are you a dangerous extremist?" A lot of Reagan's campaign statements indicated that that is exactly what he is, but voters refused to believe it. What they saw on their home screens was a nice, avuncular fellow, the kind of guy you could invite over to share some grilled steak and swap tall tales. Carter lost on his record. Reagan won on his personality. In a pre-electronic world, the outcome might have been different. It would certainly have been closer. Then again, in a pre-electronic world, we would not have had to choose between Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan. □

Poet, Martyr, Myth

ALEXANDER STILLE

PASOLINI: A Biography. *By Enzo Siciliano. Translated by John Shepley. Random House. 435 pp. $20.*

POEMS. *By Pier Paolo Pasolini. Translated by Norman MacAfee. Random House. 231 pp. $10.50.*

Pier Paolo Pasolini, probably the most famous writer of postwar Italy, is best known in America for his lurid X-rated movies *Arabian Nights* and *'Salo,' the 120 Days of Sodom*. An immensely gifted poet, novelist, film director, literary critic and social commentator, Pasolini was a tangle of contradictions—Communist and Catholic, artist and ideologue, celebrity and outcast, homosexual and rigid traditionalist.

No single work can convey his importance in Italy as a public figure and a national myth: the bête noire of the right (and sometimes of the left) and, for millions of young people, a cult figure whose actions and opinions were the subject of great controversy. Pasolini's murder in 1975, apparently by a teen-age male prostitute, divided the country. For the right it was a fitting end for a man with pernicious habits and violent ideas. For the left it was a martyrdom, perhaps even a political assassination.

Both detractors and admirers agree on one point: Pasolini's death was the moral of a story of deep national significance. He, more than anyone else, embodied the enormous contrasts and dislocations of postwar Italy, a backward peasant nation lurching into the twentieth century, a democracy with a historical memory formed by Fascism.

It is appropriate that Enzo Siciliano's biography *Pasolini* should be published simultaneously with the first Italian-English edition of Pasolini's poetry. The biography is not merely an aid to understanding the poetry; indeed, it is more likely that the poems will serve as an aid to the biography, for Pasolini's most important artistic creation was his life. A longtime friend and follower, Siciliano has written a book that is more of a contribution to the Pasolini myth than a dispassionate analysis of it. However, he has collected a wealth of material from many sources, including Pasolini's unpublished letters and papers. Despite his worshipful tone, Siciliano does let the material speak for itself, and it is fascinating.

This most political of artists began his career as a lyric poet. Born in 1922 (the year Mussolini took power), Pasolini came of age during World War II. When his father, a Fascist army officer, was

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taken prisoner, the family moved to his mother's village in the remote region of Friuli near the Yugoslav border. Young Pasolini was fascinated by the ancient peasant civilization and by its dialect: "It was possible in ten minutes by bicycle to pass from one linguistic area to another more archaic by fifty or a hundred years." Influenced by Rimbaud and the decadent poets, he saw the Friulian dialect as a "language of pure poetry"; because of its unfamiliarity to most Italians, it would "prolong the lag between sound and meaning." Some critics believe that Pasolini's early lyrics, published in 1942, are his highest poetic achievement.

Poems omits this early verse. While the Friulian dialect would arguably lose too much in translation to make inclusion worthwhile, one misses a selection from his second book, *The Nightingale of the Catholic Church*, which was written in standard Italian. Instead, *Poems* concentrates on the mature "public verse" that Pasolini wrote after moving to Rome in 1949. This is a curious mixture of political and personal confession, of ideological speechifying shot through with flashes of brilliance, with, every now and then, moments of equilibrium when political and personal passions coincide with great force. His first major success, "The Ashes of Gramsci" (1954), presents his paradoxical public persona:

> The scandal of contradicting myself,
> of being
> with you and against you; with you
> in my heart,
> in light, but against you in the dark
> viscera . . .

At his best, Pasolini created an outrageous synthesis of Christian imagery, Marxism and private despair. The suffering of Italy was transformed into his own personal Calvary:

> For one crucified to his tormenting
> rationality,
> butchered by puritanism, nothing
> makes sense anymore
> but an aristocratic and alas
> unpopular opposition.
>
> The revolution is now just a
> sentiment.
> ("Plan of Future Works")

Pasolini did not live up to his potential as a poet, and clearly he knew it. "Oh practical end of my poetry!" he wrote. "To this I'm reduced: when I write/poetry, it's to defend myself, to fight,/compromising myself, renouncing/all my ancient dignity; thus/my defenseless elegiac heart comes/to shame me . . ." ("Reality"). But his early lyric inspiration never entirely left his poetry and redeems even his harsher polemics.

In 1949 Pasolini was forced to flee in disgrace from Friuli. He had been accused of corrupting minors and was expelled from the Communist Party. In Rome, he transferred his fascination with Friulian civilization to the violent and gregarious world of the subproletariat in which he lived during his first desperately poor years there. Pasolini's life among the new rootless underclass of Southern peasants was central to his career. With the ear of a linguist and the sensitivity of an anthropologist, he observed the mingling of the cutthroat ethics of the street with the naïve, easygoing ways of the country. Here he found sexual freedom, friendship, material for much of his work and a laboratory in which he watched Italy's social changes played out before him.

His shocking novel about this world, *Ragazzi di Vita* (1955), made Pasolini famous overnight. Outraged, the government tried to suppress the book, as it would his first movie, *Accattone* (1961). The move to Rome also put Pasolini into the mainstream of Italian culture. During the 1950s, he became friends with the best writers of his generation: Alberto Moravia, Elsa Morante, Giorgio Bassani and Italo Calvino.

The beginning of Pasolini's career coincides with the end of Italian neo-Realism—the films of Rossellini, De Sica and the early Fellini (Pasolini wrote the dialogue in Roman dialect for Fellini's *Nights of Cabiria*). But there is a tough, gritty, unsentimental quality that distinguishes Pasolini from the neo-Realists. Fellini's Cabiria was a whore with a heart of gold; Pasolini's *Accattone*, the story of an opportunistic, cynical pimp, neither justifies nor condemns its subject.

With Pasolini's growing celebrity in the 1960s, both his work and his life became a source of scandal. The openings of his films were followed by obscenity trials, and their showings

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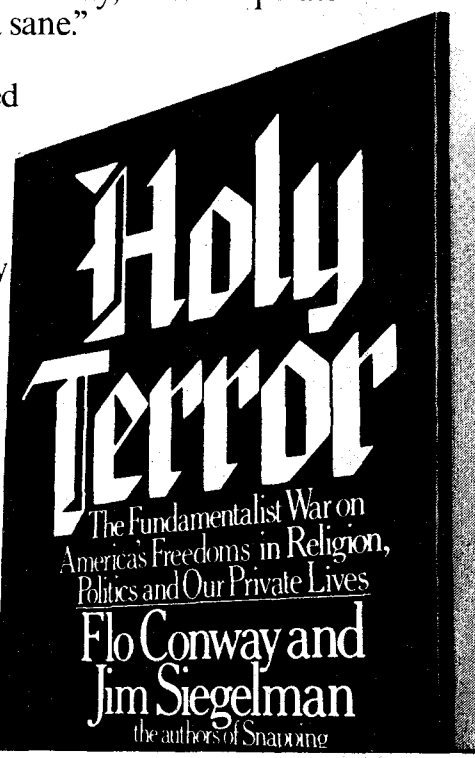
—Harriet Van Horne, *N.Y. Times Special Features*

*Publishers Weekly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disrupted by gangs of neofascist thugs. He was indicted (falsely) for robbery. All this exacerbated his persecution complex, his sense, as a homosexual, of being a pariah; but it also gratified his narcissism and stimulated his need to provoke the public. "By now," writes Siciliano, "Pier Paolo's sense of being alive was inextricably bound up with his provocatory relationship with the public. Irresistibly he ended up coinciding with his public image."

His literary production dropped off; he never completed a novel after 1960. He grew apart from many of his literary friends. His movies were increasingly dominated by his sexual and political obsessions. By the early 1970s he was in a state of crisis. His artistic inspiration was drying up, and he was convinced that everything he loved in Italian life was being destroyed. His one steady lover had left him, and there was a new psychopathic brutality in the life of the Roman slums. He was badly beaten up several times.

Out of this despair, Pasolini forged a second career as a polemicist, writing front-page articles for Italy's largest newspaper, *Il Corriere della Sera*. With his genius for capturing in a phrase an entire mood or situation, Pasolini, perhaps more than any other intellectual, defined the political vocabulary of the New Left in Italy.

He became the spokesman for Italy's new marginal groups—an entire generation of jobless university graduates, the masses of displaced peasants who crowded the factory towns of the north—a dangerous class, unassimilated by society, which formed the extraparliamentary left. Unlike the perpetually optimistic Communists, Pasolini foresaw that the victory of consumer capitalism and the destruction of traditional Italian culture were inevitable. He also appealed to a conservative nostalgia for agrarian life and old values. He offered rebellion, "pure opposition," rather than social revolution: "I can no longer believe in revolution, but I can't help being on the side of the young people who are fighting for it." He was particularly sensitive to the linguistic, cultural and behavioral shifts that to him were signals of "the new barbarism," and he cleverly pointed out the ways in which fascist cultural and rhetorical patterns had been subtly transformed in the postwar period. In the first years after World War II, "the values which counted were the same as under fascism": church, country, family, obedience, order and morality. The profound changes took place during the economic boom of the 1960s, which he described in a beautiful article, "The Disappearance of the Fireflies."

Consumer society was, according to Pasolini, a new and more insidious form of fascism which had succeeded, where Mussolini's fascism had failed, in unifying Italy for the first time in history. Mass communication and mass consumption were quickly leveling the wide cultural and linguistic differences between the various regions: "No country has possessed like ours such a quantity of 'particular and real cultures,' such a quantity of 'little homelands'—no country, that is, in which there was later such an overwhelming 'development.'" For Pasolini, the new consumer society was characterized by self-indulgence, materialism, sexual license, drugs, conformism and violence, values he termed "cultural genocide."

Pasolini's equation of fascism with the corrupt and inefficient Christian Democratic rule became the stock in trade of the extraparliamentary left. Indeed, Pasolini's Swiftian suggestion that the leadership of the Christian Democrats be placed on trial for cultural genocide was literally carried out by the Red Brigades, with the kidnapping of Aldo Moro. (The Red Brigades skipped the line in which Pasolini wrote that the trial of the Christian Democrats "is only a metaphor.") Much of the ideology of the far-left group Autonomia, with its anti-industrial orientation and its support for "spontaneous" rebellion, also drew on Pasolini's antiprogressive rhetoric.

Such groups overlooked Pasolini's equally sharp criticism of the left, particularly of the student movement. Believing that the students had little to do with the proletariat they claimed to represent, Pasolini insisted that they behaved with the dogmatism, intolerance and hatred of the Fascist *Squadri*: "So many Catholics, in becoming Communists, bring with them Faith and Hope, while neglecting, without realizing it, Charity. This is how fascism of the left is born."

Pasolini's articles on "fascism of the left" and on the horrifying spread of violence among the young seem uncannily prophetic in light of the prevalence of terrorism in Italy today and in light of his own gruesome murder at the hands of one of the *ragazzi di vita* he had described so often. Pasolini was a brilliant diagnostician of Italian diseases because he himself suffered from them: a critic of the far left, he was its unwitting prophet. While he condemned the violence of the Roman subproletariat, he was erotically attracted to it. He was one of those "unconscious Christians" of the left, whose apocalyptic vision could be resolved only through the crucifixion that was his murder. □

APPEARANCES

There are long roots everywhere
cracking the stone foundations,
drinking the secret rivers underground.
Great forests wanting to be born.

Once on a summer day in Auvers
I found Van Gogh's room,
climbed the steep staircase to the door,
the metal bed against the wall,
the chair with its straw seat
brown as sorrow,
and the narrow unwashed window
like the space between two bars in a cell.
No light came through.
How it was anything but yellow.

We make what we can
of things as they are, in praise
of our bodies on the bed.

This blazing sun.

Shirley Kaufman

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Mature Fruits

CLARA CLAIBORNE PARK

OUR GROUND TIME HERE WILL BE BRIEF. *By Maxine Kumin. Viking/Penguin. 224 pp. $16.95. Paper $7.95.*

WHY CAN'T WE LIVE TOGETHER LIKE CIVILIZED HUMAN BEINGS? *By Maxine Kumin. The Viking Press. 175 pp. $12.95.*

One can only cook with what's in the cupboard, Mary Ellman wrote some years ago, speaking of fiction by women. And that, if not entirely true, is true enough. Fortunately, a lot accumulates in the cupboard as time goes on. Maxine Kumin's poems, like her fiction, mine a life whose elements might seem too familiar to be promising material for the storyteller or the poet—too familiar, at any rate, to (as we once used to say, instead of merely think) "people like us." People like us read *The Nation*, or at the very least *The New York Times Book Review*. They are administrators, teachers, translators and such—the kind of people who fly in planes to address meetings in distant cities. In other moods, they demonstrate at the Pentagon. Some have removed in couples to the country, where they breed horses, raise children, make bread, gather strawberries and wild grapes, and boil up jam with the efficacy and control to be expected of "civilized human beings." They are not carried away by passion, though they panic sometimes; their marriages last more often than not, and their adulteries are not flamboyant or destructive but decently maintained—"another form of marriage," as the title of one story has it. Kumin's is the fiction and poetry of maturity. It is significant that in selecting the poems for *Our Ground Time Here Will Be Brief*, she has chosen to reverse the usual chronological order, opening with twenty-nine recent poems, then working backward through six previous collections: youth is seen from the perspective of late middle age. That perspective too is familiar. In "Apostrophe to a Dead Friend," addressed to Anne Sexton, Kumin writes:

> Even the distances we leapt in poems
> have shrunk. . . .
> Passion subsides like a sunset.
> Urgency has been wrung from the
> rendezvous.
> . . . The children have changed
> into exacting adults . . .
> they are no kinder or wiser than we.

The simple, key line follows: "Soon I will be sixty." As will many of us; eventually, most.

In another recent poem, "Rejoicing with Henry," she and her husband go home after a Christmas visit to an old neighbor,

> the pale day fading as we go
> leaving our odd imprints in the snow
> to mark a little while the road
> ahead of night's oncoming thick
> clubfoot.

Kumin's well-made poems and stories are two ways of coming at the same immemorial preoccupations: aging and mortality—"That time of year thou may'st in me behold"—or as Frost put it, "what to make of a diminished thing." Indeed, our ground time here will be brief.

Poets are makers; they make what they can. In Kumin's work, parents age and die; brothers and childhood friends do, too; daughters and sons move far away and one cannot follow. Love flares, still, between strangers in a story titled, in Walter Pater's poignant words, "On This Short Day of Frost and Sun," but it is a brief, restrained magic, based, we learn at the end, on the glowing misperceptions born of need, though no less real for that. Best to hold on to what one has. Nature abides—and home and marriage too, if they have been well made. One late poem, "Continuum," is subtitled "A Love Poem":

> going for grapes year
> after year we two with
> ladder and pail stained
> with the rain of grapes
> our private language

"Feeding Time" is an even simpler affirmation. After horses, dog, birds, cat are fed,

> Now us,
> Dear One. My soup, your bread
> in old blue bowls that have
> withstood

Clara Claiborne Park is the author of The Siege: The First Eight Years of an Autistic Child *(Atlantic-Little, Brown), which was recently reissued in paper with a new epilogue.*

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thirty years of slicings and soppings.
Where are the children
who ate their way through helpings
of cereals and stews
to designs of horse, pig,
sheep on view
at the bottom of the dish?
Crying, *when I grow up,*
Children have got their wish.

Yet beneath these settled, gentled transactions bad dreams lurk. The last of the recent poems leaves us "inching toward Armageddon"; an earlier collection is called *The Nightmare Factory.* The most innocent of activities turns dark in an instant. "Hungry for oysters to suck down with gin," we walk the tidal flats among crabs and stiffening minnows "in an abundance of dying," the oysters "alive, perhaps, as we swallow." Metaphor intensifies into sinister metamorphosis, as anger transforms its object: in "Changing the Children," "the furious wish/turns the son into a crow/the daughter, a porcupine . . . all arched bristle and quill." Though love is truly what we know it is,

Afterwards, the compromise.
Bodies resume their boundaries.
. . .
Nothing is changed, except
there was a moment when

the wolf, the mongering wolf
who stands outside the self
lay lightly down and slept.
("After Love")

The poem that follows this one is called "The Lovers Leave by Separate Planes." Even nature's rich affirmations are deceptive, we read in "The Poets Observe the Absence of God from the St. Louis Zoo"—an absence which may be just as well, since in "Heaven as Anus," "the sphincter of the good Lord opens wide/and he takes us all inside."

Such metaphysical speculation, however, is not typical of Kumin. The world she explores is a restricted one, limited by the familiar boundaries of class background and habit, as well as by a traditionally feminine personalism that seems less inevitable today than it did when Mary Ellman wrote about it ten years ago, and is perhaps more significant for that reason. In both Kumin's fiction and her poetry, the vistas are interior. Her stories about women professors and film makers and investment analysts are in fact stories of women as daughters, mothers, wives and lovers; that their spheres are no longer exclusively, or even chiefly, domestic seems to have made little difference to where they really live. What's in the cupboard is nourishing, however. Here are fourteen stories and 148 poems as accessible as life, and more shapely. □

Brekekekex Koax Koax

RICHARD HOWARD

THE FROG WHO DARED TO CROAK. *By Richard Sennett. Farrar, Straus and Giroux. 182 pp. $11.95.*

Mallarmé said the world existed in order to end up as a book. Fifty years of dilution have transformed his declaration into the assumption, much promulgated by correspondence-school courses, that each of us bears within himself a novel that is trying to get out. And for twenty-five years, this notion has been transformed into that dread genre, the Academic Novel, usually written by a Professor (*The Middle of the Journey*) or, even more ominously, by a Poet-Professor (*Pictures from an Institution*). The fiction of such writers is inveterately of a high finish, and gives evidence of high spirits too. Upon it has been lavished the oblique erudition and giddy energies of a prank.

Therefore it comes as something of a surprise to discover from the publisher's handout that Professor Sennett (author of four stern and still-in-print volumes of sociological analysis) is "at work on his second novel." The suggestion is that it would be a mistake to regard this glittering little book as a professorial experiment, though it shows every sign of being one. In fact, there is one hilarious moment in *The Frog Who Dared To Croak* when I cannot tell if the Professor is having his little joke, which we are meant to share, or if he is just beside the point; when in 1944 the books of Tibor (von) Grau, the narrator, are looted and Proust's *Jean Santeuil* is "gone," are we to assume that there are levels of obliquity as yet unsuspected even by "Herbert Fentimen," Sennett's

Richard Howard's translation of Baudelaire's Les Fleurs du Mal *will be published this month by Godine.*

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straw man, who has edited, translated and published Tibor's papers? (*Jean Santeuil* was published in 1952.) It is the penalty of the prank that we cannot discover when the joke is up.

But it is more than a good joke. Sennett has put his jumpy wit to the service of what seems to me very like wisdom. No matter how much one *knows* about Lukacs, about Bloch and Benjamin and Adorno, there has to be a moral resolution to the knowledge. Without that, this book would have been no more than the intellectual's *White Hotel*. The memoir—in documents, fragmentary confessions, aphoristic shavings—of an Eastern European intellectual monster is *resolved*, then, past the kind of documentation that would constitute the glee of a Nabokov (Kinbote, Pnin) into a moral pathos, an intensity of despairing illumination (erotic, ethnic, elitist) that gets away from the genre altogether and brings the reader up, astonished and surely pleased to find he has been moved. It is one thing to distribute goodies like this on all sides:

> My chair still seems in good order. I have a special chair, you know, given me by my Minsk colleagues upon the publication of *Realism and Reality*. It tilts backward and swivels to the side.

It is quite another thing to braid the unearned increment of Tibor's character—homosexual grotesquerie—into a passion of understanding by which the *novelist* gives himself away:

> You understand, I am not making an argument for the superiority of my particular tastes. When I was young I thought, this particular taste of mine is the reason why I am so unhappy. I did not feel guilty about my men, a fact . . . which appears to me rather in the character of a miraculous escape. Not guilty, but I thought that, like a kaleidoscope, my loving would recompose itself in more normal ways once I was happy. Then later I thought: I will continue my particular tastes until I must settle down. And then, after my father died, I thought: It doesn't matter, I will go on as I have been. But at none of these points did I say: This is the love I want. . . . And this is one reason why I do not want you back, Natalie, because I do not want the particular physical thing which is you. To live is to love something concrete for itself.

Tibor Grau begins his much-corrugated narrative with a leer, and ends it as an emblem of the will to survive

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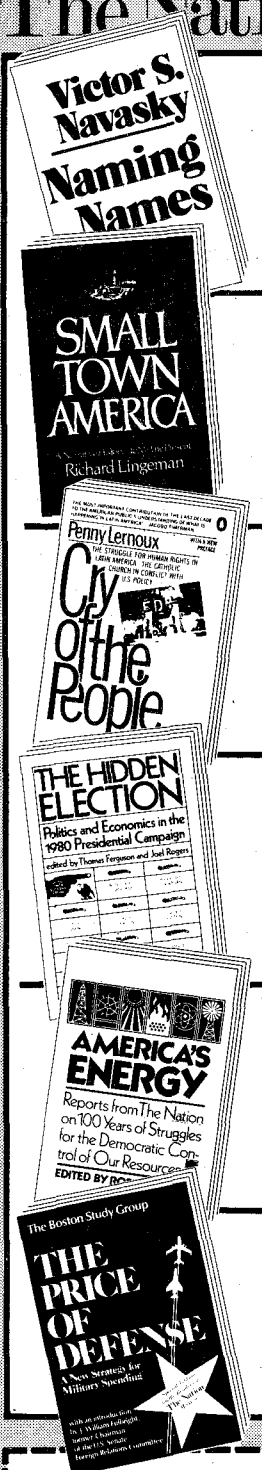
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Robert B. Shaw on the poems of James Wright.

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which makes him the chilly freak the world acknowledges him to be. But somewhere in the middle, Sennett has availed himself of his persona in order to strike through the mask. His cunning polymath, like Prufrock, has heard the mermaids singing; only they are, as Tibor says, frogs—"I have heard this song all my life, gentlemen." And the ridiculous creature once more rehearses his beast fables for us, absolutely committed to that central truth of character which makes his story so much more than high jinks: "the thing I am shall make me live." So it would appear that my identification of Sennett's genre is not an apt one—how right, after all, that he should be working on his *second* novel. □

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THEATER.

RICHARD GILMAN

Cleavage

These are not flourishing times for the musical—the most significant American contribution to the stage, as our theater textbooks never grow weary of telling us. I don't have any theories about why this should be so, but it's true that music itself isn't flourishing right now, wit is at a low ebb and choreography—the true center of the Broadway musical—has become almost entirely imitative.

It's rough for lovers of the genre. I wrote about *Nine* recently, describing it as a case of the emperor's new clothes. As the season draws to a close, I see that it's also a case of *faute de mieux.* There's a hunger for success and acclaim—something that goes beyond economic considerations—always at work in our theater, and *Nine* has been a beneficiary of this craving for things to admire, to *rave about.* To a lesser extent so has *Dreamgirls,* the only other new hit musical this season. But apart from them, so dismal has the recent parade of musicals been that commentators with their pockets full of plaudits have been hard put to find something with even minimum plausibility on which to bestow them.

I've seen several such disastrous musicals lately, but the only one that seems to me worth writing about, for its exemplary badness as well as for its particular provenance, is *Cleavage.* It opened the other day and, through some miraculous failure of word of mouth, may still be playing when this review appears. An ineffable title, *Cleavage.* Having made their little come-on, the entrepreneurs of this accession to the art of the stage make sure we understand their underlying *serious* intention. There are billboards on both sides of the stage where one can read dictionary definitions of the title word: "the act of splitting"; "the act of adhering to firmly and loyally" (as in the Biblical "to cleave to one's wife,"

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which the company sings about in the opening number); and then, "informal: the separation between a woman's . . ." yeah, yeah, yeah.

A troupe of nine performers (not one of whom struck me as possessing talent or charm or beauty) enact trite little tales of sex, illustrating some of the meanings of the aforesaid word. They dance with minimal brio and sing songs with titles like "Puberty," "Boys Will be Girls" (an especially outdated ballad about homosexuality) and "Living in Sin" (an equally outdated ballad about heterosexuality). They also crack jokes; the comedy side of the genre has to be fulfilled. I didn't have the energy to jot down more than a few, but I assure you these are wholly representative: "He promised me he'd wear a tux [to his wedding] and he did. I only wish he'd worn a shirt." "I dabble in the literati." "Oh, that's a lovely car." "My dog is a cockapoo: one half cocker and one half poodle."

It's always been a mystery why theatrical works as self-evidently inept as this get put on stage. Why doesn't someone point out, preferably at an early rehearsal, that it doesn't have a chance, that it lacks even those modest virtues that lead reviewers to employ adjectives of the second or third level of enthusiasm—"agreeable," say, or "diverting." Somehow, it's never self-evident to the people involved. Judgment crumbles quickly before self-interest, and when you add to that the most radical degree of provincialism, the result is something like this play.

Cleavage, the program tells us, has been produced by "a Louisiana-based partnership created to present it," and there have been "highly successful productions in Biloxi, Houston and New Orleans." Now I don't for a moment think that born and bred New Yorkers aren't capable of such an inane musical as this one (it's subtitled *close to where the heart is*), but such people would also be suffering from provincialism. For though this word continues to have a geographical connotation—the condition of living in an outlying place where there is ignorance of new styles, tastes, etc.—I think we can employ it now to refer to qualities more and more pervasive in our theater: lack of originality, failure of imagination and, even less justifiable, naïveté. *Cleavage*'s painful innocence is the antithesis of *Nine*'s cynical sophistication. I don't know which is worse. □

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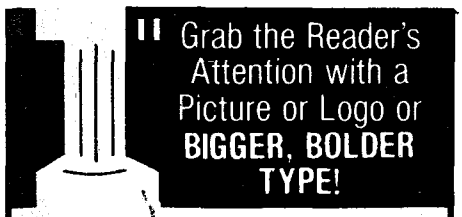

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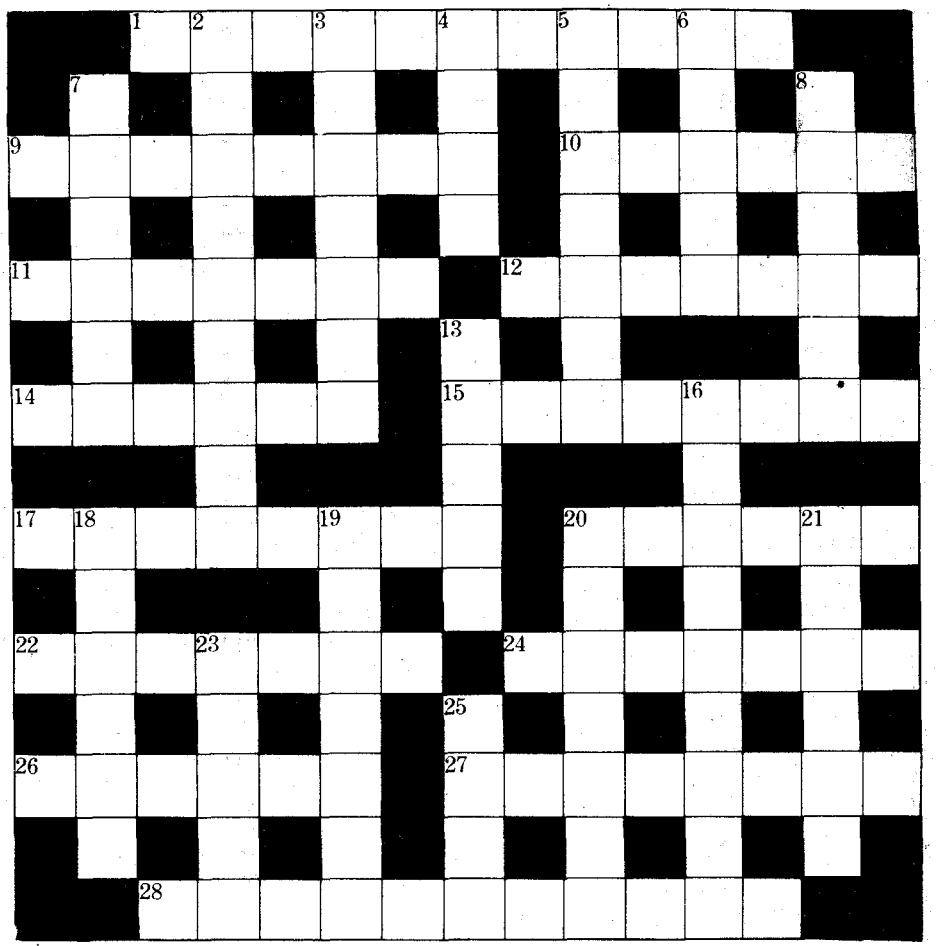

ACROSS

1 It shouldn't bother lovers of the wide open spaces. (11)
9 Clerical course where they get around zero on the record. (8)
10 It might be signally important, being once confused with a college degree. (6)
11 What he sells might not be cheap, but certainly not so in France. (7)
12 and 22 Flat, perhaps, but finishes round if this. (5,2,3,4)
14 There would be fewer of them if they didn't multiply, too. (6)
15 Famous family with a quarter of a very useful profession. (8)
17 Act like a Britten character? That's the way one makes things really dirty. (8)
20 A friend to attempt very little. (6)
22 See 12
24 The sort of place to find a skunk-like creature. (7)
26 Shakespeare's *Everyman*? (6)
27 and 21 down Did Paine state how old the excuse is? (3,3,2,6)
28 Hay should be rather prosaic. (3,3,5)

DOWN

2 Fellowship, exemplified by an old locomotive or sky-rocket? (4,5)
3 Pigs—back sides is what they do! (7)
4 The French land yields return. (4)
5 Where one might find sailors and bishops. (2,5)
6 Angry claim to self-importance? (5)
7 Ought to hold us improperly. (6)
8 A French goody-goody? Goody! (6)
13 About equal to a mile, as they say? Wrong! (5)
16 Mountain pass over three miles as they usually estimate? One might be professionally associated. (9)
18 If you don't, you won't inhale so much, but it seems no longer healthy. (6)
19 What they call the wind around a place in California might give one chills. (7)
20 Is a sort of ripe one an early one? (7)
21 See 27 across
23 A college man, and the second person in Louisiana, perhaps. (5)
25 The boss seems to have turned to dust. (4)

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